

No. 803.

FEBRUARY 18, 1921.

7 Cents

FAME & FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.



As Jack started to examine the curious-looking chest, which lay half imbedded in the rank grass, a snake darted at his left leg and curled around it. The girl saw the reptile, and, raising her stick, dealt it a heavy blow

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 18, 1921.

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LOST IN THE JUNGLE

OR, THE SECRET OF THE HINDOO TEMPLE

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Lost in the Jungle.

"Where in thunder have we got to, Fred?" exclaimed Jack Thornton, reining in his horse.

"Blessed if I know," replied his chum, Fred Jesup, stopping his horse alongside of him. "We have certainly got separated from our party. But I don't see why we don't hear them somewhere around us. We all started in this direction when the beaters hunted that tiger out of the grass."

"We ought to hear the crack of a rifle, or, at any rate, the shouting of the natives, if our party has lost the tiger."

"That's what I say, but hanged if I can hear a sound except the buzzing of the insects."

"It would be fierce if we got lost in this jungle."

"Don't mention it, old man. It would mean our finish."

The boys looked anxiously around them. It was a brilliant scene that they gazed upon. The afternoon sun shone down upon a perfect maze of all grass, intermingled with flowers of every imaginable hue, with here and there the spreading branches of a huge tree. It was an Indian jungle of vast extent, and they and their party consisting of two Englishmen, an American consular official, for whom the boys worked, and nearly a dozen natives, had been passing through it for some hours, on a tiger hunt. They came from the city of Madras.

Most of the natives preceded the party, beating the grass in search of the striped monarch of the jungle. A short time before a tiger had been startled from his lair, and then the excitement began. The gentlemen and the boys, mounted on horses, started in pursuit of the ferocious animals, and as it darted in and out through the grass most of them got one or more shots at it with their magazine rifles.

The boys were provided with Remingtons, which they had brought from the States, where they had left their homes to take positions in India at the consul's office, the others carried weapons of English manufacture. Before starting on the hunt the boys displayed their weapons with great pride, and both confidently asserted that the Remington rifle was the finest in the world. The Englishmen were too polite to dispute the matter with them, but it was evident they preferred home manufacture. The tiger led the party a hot chase, and gradually the hunters became separated. The boys, wild with the desire to get ahead of the Englishmen, as well as their own countrymen,

and be the successful ones to bring the tiger down, thus putting a feather in their caps, spurred their horses recklessly forward in the direction they had last seen the animal taking, and soon outstripped the party altogether. When the three gentlemen and natives stopped, completely at fault so far as the tiger was concerned, the impetuous boys were a considerable distance ahead. At length when they began to realize that they had lost the tiger, Jack halted, as we have seen, and uttered the words with which this chapter opens.

"Which way had we better go?" said Jack.

"Don't ask me. Every direction looks alike to me," replied Fred.

"I'll tell you what we'll do."

"What?"

"Discharge our rifles. Our friends will hear the reports and thinking we have discovered the tiger, or perhaps another, will come piling this way."

"Good idea. You shoot first."

Jack raised his weapon and was about to pull the trigger when a sudden exclamation from Fred caused him to pause.

"There's the tiger now!" he cried excitedly.

"Where?"

Fred pointed at the grass a dozen yards ahead. Jack looked and saw the animal crouching in an opening of the maze, watching them with blazing eyes. The boys simultaneously took aim at a spot between the glaring orbs and their rifles were discharged with one report. The beast leaped into the air and came down with a crash in the underbrush.

"I guess we both hit him at the same time. We fired together."

"So we did," admitted Fred, "but if he's got only one bullet between the eyes I claim the shot."

"Well, the beast is dead, anyway. Let's go and investigate. In any case, we've got a point on the rest of our party, whether it's the tiger we chased or another."

Jack agreed to that as they dismounted and led their horses forward. The tiger proved to be a tremendous animal, and the boys looked at it with a feeling almost of awe, for its mouth was partly open, displaying its glittering white teeth, that looked capable of crunching a bar of iron. It was no small honor to bring down such a beast in its own stamping-ground, particularly at the first shot. It was the double shots that did it

so effectually, for right between the eyes, within an inch of each other, were two holes, showing where the two bullets had penetrated its brain.

"Shake, Jack," said Fred. "We both killed the tiger with bull's-eye shots. We shall have something to brag about when our party comes up. The Remington is the gun that does the business every time."

"Yes, provided one can shoot. Some people couldn't hit the side of a barn unless they were close to it with the finest Remington ever built. It's the man behind the gun first, and the gun next."

CHAPTER II.—Zamie, the Fair Hindoo.

At that moment Fred uttered an exclamation of consternation.

"Where are our horses?" he cried.

There wasn't a sign of either of them. Until that moment the boys had forgotten, in the excitement of their stirring experiences, all about the horses. Now they were left in the lurch worse than ever. They hunted all around the immediate vicinity, but could see nothing of their steeds.

"Now, what are we going to do?" said Fred, looking as solemn as a judge.

"We'll have to hoof it," replied Jack.

"Hoof it! A nice job that will be. We might walk right on top of a large snake, or butt in on top of another tiger, or some other beast that would make short work of us."

"Well, do you know of any other way of getting over the ground at our disposal?"

Fred made no reply. He was clean discouraged by the outlook, and saw nothing but their finish before them. At that moment they heard the shrill scream of a woman at a short distance away.

"Ha!" cried Jack, "we're not so much alone as we thought. Come on; there's a woman in distress, and it stands to reason that she can't be altogether alone in this jungle. Follow me, Fred."

Throwing his rifle over his shoulder, Jack started in the direction of the second scream which came from the same quarter, Fred following at his heels. It did not take them long, guided by other screams, to reach another opening in the jungle. Here they saw a richly ornamented palanquin standing on the ground, deserted by its native bearers, and the cause was at once apparent. A tiger was standing over the dusky body of one of the attendants, upon whom it was clear it had sprung from its ambush in the grass, and was tearing at one of his arms when the boys appeared.

Gazing at the fierce animal in the greatest terror was a beautiful Hindoo girl, leaning half out of the palanquin. The tiger heard the approach of the boys and pausing in his operations, glared savagely at them.

"Give it to him between the eyes like the other," said Jack, raising his rifle and taking dead aim, fired.

With a roar the beast sprang into the air and fell beside its dead victim. The ball had entered its brain, but still it was not dead. Jack advanced closer and put another ball into its head. That closed the career of their second tiger, and a

great record they had made for the day, particularly Jack. Then the boys advanced to the palanquin and raised their hats to the fair girl. She uttered some words rapidly in her native tongue and held out her hands.

"We can't understand you," said Jack, shaking his head.

"Ah! you are English," she said, as Jack took one hand and Fred the other; whereupon she leaped lightly out of the palanquin.

"We are Americans," replied Jack.

"Americans," she said slowly. "You speak English. You are a brave boy—both of you," she added. "You have saved my life. You have killed the tiger."

She regarded them with admiring eyes, for killing a tiger so quickly she considered no small feat, as indeed it wasn't.

"That's the second we have killed this afternoon," said Jack, with pardonable pride.

"The second!" she exclaimed, opening her large, lustrous eyes in astonishment.

"Yes. The beast lies dead not over a hundred yards from here."

"Wonderful! You are heroes—both of you," with a smile at Fred.

"Your servants ran away from the tiger?" said Jack.

"They were cowards! But what could they do with only their knives. Yet it was their duty to die in my defence. Ah, my maid! I have forgotten her. Poor girl! She fainted when she heard the roar of the tiger. A tiger killed her mother, and she stands in great fear of them. Yet she is brave otherwise, for I have seen her face a great snake at the risk of her life."

The boys looked in the palanquin and saw a good-looking Hindoo girl there, lying back unconscious.

"Will you take her out and I will help you revive her," said the rescued fair one, looking at Jack, on which she lavished the most of her smiles. The boy quickly lifted the girl out and laid her upon the ground. The other took from the palanquin a jug of wine and a cup.

"Give her some of this," she said.

Jack poured some of the wine into the cup and raising the maid's head poured it by degrees down her throat. While he was thus employed he asked the fair one her name.

"Zamine," she answered. "My maid is Ubra."

In a moment or two the maid revived, sat up and looked around in bewilderment. She sprang to her feet and gazed in astonishment at the boys. Zamine spoke to her rapidly in Hindoostani, explaining all that had happened. She pointed at the tiger, and said the American boys had killed it with their guns and that they had killed another. The maid threw herself at Jack's feet and thanked him volubly in her own language, and told him how brave he and his friends were, all of which our hero understood as well as though she had addressed him in pure Greek. However, he knew she was thanking them for saving the life of her mistress, as well as her own, so he nodded and smiled. Here Zamine interfered and told the maid that the boys did not understand the Hindoo language, and that she herself had already thanked and praised them.

At that juncture several black, or nearly black, faces were cautiously thrust through the grass.

In the deepening shadows of twilight they saw the dead tiger, and then the boys talking with mistress and maid. With guilty looks they ventured forward and made low salaams to Zamine. One of them, the leader of the party, begged her forgiveness for their cowardly behavior.

"You're forgiven," said the girl, in Hindoo, with a curl of scorn on her lips. "Make your salaams to these two American boys to whom I owe my life. They killed the tiger."

The palanquin bearers almost groveled in the grass before Jack and Fred. They entertained almost a reverence for any one who dared face and kill a tiger, the most powerful and feared of all the savage beasts of India.

"Where are your friends?" said Zamine suddenly. "You must return to them, I suppose, for darkness approaches."

"We do not know where our party is," replied Jack, and he explained how it was that he and his companion were lost in the jungle.

"We will have to rely on you, Zamine, to help us out of our trouble," he concluded.

For a moment she looked perplexed and undecided, and then grasping Jack by the hand, she said earnestly:

"If we take you both with us to the temple we are flying to, you swear when you go away that you will not say to any one that you have met us, or a word about the temple?"

"We promise, of course; but why do you make this request of us?"

"Ah! must I explain? Well, you are to be trusted, I am sure. We are flying from a wicked man who wishes to force me to marry him. He is a Brahmin, and his name is Mokarra. He is the high priest of the great temple at Delhi, where my father lives and is a man of great distinction. Alas, though he is powerful, he cannot save me from the grasp of Mokarra, for when I was born he broke a sacred law of Brahma, and Mokarra, having discovered it, is taking a cowardly advantage of his knowledge. My father dare not openly refuse my hand to the Brahmin lest death be visited upon him, so he secretly arranged for my flight to the Mystic Temple of the Jungle, where I and my maid, with the servants, are to hide till my father enlists the aid of the English commander at Delhi, who at present is absent. We dread pursuit by Mokarra should he suspect where we have gone. Not a whisper of our sanctuary must get around, lest it reach his watchful ears. That is why, if you would do me another service, as great as the one you have just rendered me and my maid, you will be silent as the grave about us and the temple."

"You can depend upon my friend and myself, Zamine. I swear it on the honor of an American boy," said Jack. "We should be ungrateful, indeed, if we betrayed one to whom we are compelled to look for safety from the wilds of this jungle."

"You shall come," she said, "but you will have to follow the palanquin."

Zamine and Ubra entered the Indian vehicle, which had no wheels, but in lieu thereof four handles, two in front and two behind, for the bearers to lift it by and carry the curtained box along, which they were accustomed to do with considerable speed. With the boys arranged as a kind of guard on either side, the servants took

their places, the head one taking the place of the man killed by the tiger, and off they started through the now darkened jungle, which within the last fifteen minutes had suddenly become alive with the cries of various kinds of beasts, that with the coming of night issued from their lairs to prowl about the trackless maize.

CHAPTER III.—The Egyptian Scarabaeus.

Jack and Fred had to put their best foot forward to keep up with the natives, whose jog-trot was a fast one. In fact, the boys had to run themselves, or they would soon have fallen to the rear, which of course they could not afford to do. Fortunately the Mystic Temple of the Jungle was not at a great distance from their starting point, though it was in the heart of the great jungle, and inside of an hour they reached it. In the darkness the boys could make little out of it, except that it was a solid-looking one-story stone building, which another story, or what seemed such, rising out of the back of it. An open doorway, closed by a heavy curtain, admitted the party to the interior. The palanquin was set down in an open court and Zamine and her maid alighted. The servants then disappeared with the vehicle through a doorway at the side.

"You are now in the Mystic Temple of the Jungle," said Zamine, "and may be the first foreigners who have enjoyed that privilege. It would not be well for you to be found here by a votary of Brahma; but at present there is little danger of that for this temple is visited by the priests and the religious only at certain times of the year. Still I would not advise you to remain here longer than a day or two. When you are ready to depart, one of my servants shall guide you out of the jungle, and then you can rejoin your friends."

The servants returned with lighted torches which they thrust in receptacles made to receive them in the four corners of the court. The leader drew the pilgrims who are admitted to this made replies to his questions. He then salaamed and withdrew.

"Food will soon be ready for us in the priests' quarters," said the girl. "We shall occupy rooms around the great idol at the back. The idol you shall see to-morrow. It fills half of the room behind this court and rises within an enclosure built to receive it. When those curtains you see there are drawn the pilgrims who are admitted to this court can see a part of it. Its face is never seen except by the priests who belong here."

"But when the priests are away and the temple left unguarded, as it appears to be at present, what's to prevent any wandering native from entering and inspecting the entire idol?"

"No native would dare do it. It would be the greatest sacrilege in the faith for him to attempt it. He would forfeit all hope of ever achieving Nervana."

"What's that?" asked Fred.

"The state of eternal blessedness."

"I suppose that is the equivalent for heaven," said Jack.

"Not as you people of the West picture it. We Hindoos believe in the reincarnation of the spirit."

That we have and shall again return to this earth in a different form or body to that which we now have, and according to the life we lead each time we are on earth, so shall we advance or retard our progress toward the goal which all true disciples of Brahma hope in the end to reach.

The girl spoke solemnly, and it was clear to the boys that she was expressing her own convictions on the subject. Jack looked at her beautiful face with a feeling of disappointment, for he had taken a great fancy to her, and such sentiments seemed to open a gulf between them.

"You really believe you have been on earth before?" he said.

"Believe—I know it. And this has not been our first meeting," she said, with a strange smile, in which Jack thought he perceived a peculiar softening look, or yearning, in her face.

Here the chief servant entered the court and announced that the meal was ready. The young people paired off instinctively, Jack leading Zamine, and Fred, Ubra, to another part of the temple, following in the wake of the servant. Here they found a stone table set with viands peculiar to India, fruit predominating. They grew quite free and unrestrained in their attitude toward one another during the repast, and when it was over they returned to the court, where they found that the servants had, in the meanwhile, provided two settees of rustic design for their accommodation. Jack and Zamine took possession of one and talked in low tones together, while Fred and Ubra carried on a quiet flirtation in pantomime on the other.

The torches cast a weird light about the court, that made the waving curtains, moved by the night breeze coming through the doors and roof, assume strange shapes, as if they concealed living and moving objects of uncanny creation. The sky above lighted up as the moon rose and cast her beams over the jungle. The cries and growls of the animals roving at will came to them from the distance in a hushed sort of cadence, as one thinks of sounds in a dream. Higher rose the moon and its light flooded the raised part of the temple. Within that stood the great head of the idol, which, according to Zamine's statement, was seen by no one save the priests who officiated there at certain times, and other Brahmins high in the Buddhist religion. Jack stared at it with a curiosity that sought to penetrate what was behind. Zamine leaned toward him as they reclined on the settee, and the charm of her presence cast a kind of spell over Jack's senses. The girl, in spite of her dusky skin, was the most beautiful woman the boy had ever seen. Her face was perfect in its moulding, as her form was in its contour. Zamine was leaning on Jack's arm at the moment the moon's rays brought her figure out of the semi-gloom, and his eyes suddenly perceived the ornament that was suspended around her neck by a double strand of fine gold chain. It was in the shape of a strange-looking beetle, with a pair of rubies for its eyes, while from the front of its head projected three thorn-shaped protuberances. The body was studded with small diamonds, sapphires, garnets and other gems, so that it flashed and glittered in the moonlight with great brilliancy. The two forward claws as well as the four pointing hindward, worked as if in the act of crawling at ev-

ery movement made by the girl. As Jack stared fixedly at it, and noted the fact that it actually seemed to be alive, though he was satisfied such could not be the case, a most peculiar sensation stole over his senses. The red eyes stared back at him and appeared to glow with a living fire. His silence caused Zamine to look up, and she saw the direction and intensity of his gaze.

"Ah, you are looking at my Scarabaeus," she said, with a soft laugh.

She placed her hand upon it as she spoke, and the spell that was holding the boy was broken at once.

"Is that the name of that bug?" he said, rubbing his eyes, like a person awakening from sleep.

"It is the sacred beetle of Egypt."

"Sacred beetle!" he exclaimed.

"Yes. For thousands of years it was regarded by the Egyptians with great veneration, and figures of it, plain or inscribed with characters, were habitually worn by the people as an amulet. Large numbers of these scarabs, made of hard stone or gems, often inscribed with hieroglyphics, are still found in Egypt, but they are merely curiosities. This one, which is my amulet, was once alive, and was embalmed by a peculiar Egyptian process, and afterward studded with the gems you see. It is said to be three thousand years old."

"Three thousand!" exclaimed Jack, in amazement.

"It lived and crawled three thousand years ago. It was the property of a high priest of Isis, who, when it finally died, had it preserved with the same fluid used in the preparation of the human body after death."

"Then it's what you call a mummified beetle?"

"Yes, and is still endowed with the peculiar sacred properties it possessed while alive."

"What sacred properties could a beetle possess?"

"Ah, I may not tell you, since you are of the West, and do not believe in such things."

"What makes it appear to crawl, though it never moves from one spot; are the legs attached by wires?"

"No. It does not move in the least. It is merely an optical illusion, produced by the light reflecting from one gem to another."

"Oh, I see," said Jack.

"Hold out your hand and I will place it on your palm."

Jack did so. The touch of the insect made him feel queer. He remarked the fact.

"That is nothing but your imagination," she said. "It is quite harmless; that is, unless——"

"Unless what?"

"You pricked yourself with those points in its head and drew blood."

"What then?"

The girl looked long and intently at him.

"You would laugh if I told you, so we will drop the matter," she said, as she took the beetle back and replaced it on her bosom.

Jack's curiosity was aroused and he was about to press her for an answer when the chief servant appeared and said their rooms were ready for them.

"It is late," said Zamine; "let us retire."

She arose, and Ubra and the boys followed her.

example, the maid joining her mistress. The chief servant led the way through one of the doorways. They ascended a flight of stone steps to a half story to the left of the idol's head and paused before a door, the curtain of which the servant respectfully held raised to one side.

"Good-night, sahib," said Zamine, grasping Jack's hand and lifting it to her lips. "My gratitude to you is boundless."

As she lowered his hand his fingers in some way came in contact with the beetle, and he felt a sharp sting. Zamine and Ubra vanished into the room, the servant dropped the curtain and motioned the boys to follow him.

CHAPTER IV.—The Road to Yesterday.

The servant, holding his torch aloft, preceded them along a narrow passage which led around at the back of the idol's neck. They were conducted to a chamber on the opposite side of the building to the one occupied by Zamine and her maid. The room was only partially lighted by a metal lamp of peculiar shape, having a circular opening in which a kind of taper rested and was fed from the oil contained in the body of the vessel. The servant salaamed and withdrew, leaving the boys to themselves. A light was hardly necessary, owing to the moonlight outside, though the rays did not penetrate the window.

"This is a great adventure we are having, Jack," said Fred, who, now that they had been rescued from the impending horrors of a night in the wilds of the jungle, was in a chipper frame of mind.

"Zamine said it wouldn't be good for us to be caught in this temple."

"Bosh! We've got our rifles, and a revolver apiece. I fancy we would be able to make things quite interesting for the priests if they tried to do things to us."

"You forget, old man, that when the priests come they are accompanied, or immediately followed by a great many pilgrims. We'd stand a poor show against such a mob."

"What's the use of talking about it? Zamine says we are not likely to be disturbed for the few days we are likely to stay here. I'm not worrying about the priests or the pilgrims."

"Hello! there's blood on your fingers," said Fred. "How did you cut yourself?"

"Oh, I remember! I must have pricked myself on that beetle Zamine wears."

"What beetle?"

"Didn't you notice it?"

"No."

"She carries it at the end of a double chain she wears around her neck."

"I saw the chain, but I didn't notice what was attached to it."

"The beetle was attached to it."

"That's a curious kind of ornament to wear, but then there is no accounting for tastes, particularly in a Hindoo woman. What was it made of?"

"She told me that it was 3,000 years old, and once was alive."

"A dead bug 3,000 years old! Get out!" cried Fred incredulously.

"She said it was embalmed with mummy fluid."

"Oh, that's different. I believe there are mummies as old as that, or nearly so. Still, it seems ridiculous."

"It's all covered with small gems, such as diamonds, topazes, and such stones, and its eyes consist of two blazing rubies. Of course, there is nothing left of the original bug unless it is its three horns, one of which I fancy stabbed me. By the way, Zamine said that something would happen to a person pricked by one of those horns."

"She did? What?"

"Well, she didn't exactly say so, but her words intimated it. She wouldn't tell me what. Do you know, old man, I am beginning to feel kind of queer."

"Queer! What do you mean?"

Jack did not reply, but stared straight ahead out through the window into the moonlight. The light there seemed to grow brighter to him. The effect was so strange that he walked to the window, but his steps were unsteady. He sank upon an odd-shaped chair and gazed steadily upon the landscape. Fred spoke to him, but he did not hear the voice of his chum. He sat like a figure suddenly changed into stone by enchantment. Time seemed rushing backward to him, with the velocity of a meteor. Century on century slipped in dim panorama before his sight. Suddenly his brain cleared as if by magic, but astonishing to relate he no longer seemed to be in the room of the temple of the jungle, but in some place that appeared as familiar to his eyes as his native town. It was broad daylight, and a burning sun hung high in the heaven. Around him was a garden, profusely stocked with plants and trees to be found nowhere but in Egypt, and not half of them at the present day. Through the trees and flowers he caught a glimpse of a single-storied house of ancient Egyptian architecture. Was he astonished by this strange transformation which seemed to have happened to him? Not at all. He appeared to feel that he had come on that spot for a purpose—the purpose of intense meaning. Love had drawn him there—a strong love that dominated his whole being. And in coming there he was courting a great danger. The object of his passion was the only daughter of an Egyptian of high rank under Ptolemy, who frowned upon his suit, and had threatened him with death if he dared venture on his property again in quest of his daughter. But the boy was conscious that he was a soldier—a young officer who had acquired some reputation in the wars for daring courage and military skill. His handsome person, his soft tongue and his growing reputation had won the heart of Patrice, the patrician's daughter, and she had sworn by the light of the silvery moon as it shone on the rushing waters of the Nile to wed him or no other.

Her father had stormed without effect, and finally took the bull by the horns and ordered the young officer to keep away at his peril. But the young man laughed at peril, for he had been accustomed to face it day after day for months. His life was at his country's service at any time, should he hesitate to win the lovely object of his devotion? He laughed the thought to scorn. He came, time and again, into those forbidden gardens to meet Patrice in secret, and now she was again advancing with a smile of joy, arrayed in her most charming attire, to greet him. Around

her neck, attached to a short chain, was a gem-encrusted Scarabaeus, with two glowing rubies for eyes. It was her amulet which she wore for protection against those evils which the gods inflicted all mankind with. Ah! what a greeting was theirs! Locked in close embrace, with lips touching each other's, and eyes gazing great love into each other's soul, they stood in a little flower-decked arbor unconscious of everything but their two selves.

They did not see the ugly face of an Egyptian slave peering at them through the shrubbery. The face was gone in a moment, and the lovers wandered on through the garden mazes, their arms locked together, and they were happy. But a crisis in their hopes and lives was at hand. Suddenly the girl's proud father, attended by a score of armed slaves, confronted them. Patrice screamed and clung to her lover in fear.

"You are here, Pompelius, in spite of my warning!" thundered the irate father, standing threateningly, with his drawn sword. "You have courted death, and it shall be yours. Patrice, stand aside!"

"Never, father! If you kill him, I will drown myself in the Nile at once."

"Nay, you will stay in your chamber till you recover from your foolish infatuation, and are ready to accept for your husband the noble I have designed for you. Slaves, tear them apart!"

Jack seemed to draw his short, double-edged sword from its scabbard.

"Come on, slaves; the first who ventures within reach of my arm shall feel what it is to face the prowess of an Egyptian officer."

The slaves cowered under the flash of his eye. They knew his reputation and his skill, and they dared not obey orders. The father threatened them with dire punishment if they held back. It was death either way with them, and they made the rush. The short sword flashed in the sunlight and six slaves lay at the young officer's feet.

"There's my answer to your threats, proud man," Jack thought he said.

"And here is mine!" roared the furious father, aiming a thrust at the lover's breast with his sword.

The young man would have parried the thrust but for the sudden move on the girl's part. With a scream she threw her arms about his neck and interposed her lovely form to protect him. The movement was so swift that the passionate noble could not arrest his arm, and the blade passed through her body and dented the leather protector that Jack seemingly wore inside his garments. The father started back, aghast, as the girl lay dying in her lover's arms.

"Kiss me, Pompelius," she murmured. "We must part now, but some day we shall meet again, and though in other forms I will know you, beloved, and we shall gain the happiness now denied us."

In an agony of grief, Jack apparently pressed her to his heart and kissed her.

"I am going. Remember, we shall meet again, and then, oh, my love, I shall claim you, for you are mine forever in spirit."

A sigh, a shiver, and she was dead. Jack gazed on the beautiful dead face of his lost love, every feature of her dusky beauty was impressed on his brain, and then——

"Say, old man, what in thunder is the matter with you?" cried Fred, shaking his chum by the arm, for he had been motionless as a stone for several minutes.

Jack started up and looked around. There was a strange light in his eyes.

"Patrice, my dead darling, where are you?" he called confusedly.

"What in creation are you talking about, Jack?"

Jack stared at him.

"You, Fred, then it was only a dream; but it was awfully real. So real that—that I can't understand why I am here."

"Say, are you crazy? What do you mean by crying about Patrice, your dead darling?"

"Why—why—I don't know. She was—great heavens! Zamine is her living counterpart, and she wears the same Scarabaeus around her neck. She said we should meet again some day. Can it be that——"

His voice died away and he stared at his friend but saw him not.

"Suffering smoke!" cried Fred. "If you'd been drinking, I'd feel sure you were loaded, from the ground floor up, but as we didn't have anything at supper stronger than a light cordial, why——"

"Say, Fred, have I been out of this room since we came here?" said Jack.

"Out of the room! I should say not."

"I've been asleep, then?"

"You've been in a trance more like. It took me nearly five minutes to arouse you."

"Five minutes! And before those five minutes?"

"Why, you were talking to me."

"And I went through all that experience in five minutes."

"What experience? What are you talking about?"

Jack looked at him intently a moment.

"Nothing, old man. You wouldn't understand if I told you. I had a queer dream."

"I suppose this is the effect of the scratch from the Scarabaeus had on you."

"The Scarabaeus!" exclaimed Jack. "I remember it did scratch me, and Zamine said that something would happen, but she wouldn't tell me what. I wonder if—well, let's go to bed. I feel dead tired. Good-night, old chap!"

"Good-night!" said Fred, and he started to disrobe. "I wonder what kind of poison is on the horns of the Scarabaeus to have such a curious effect on Jack? It must be pretty potent without being dangerous. I must ask Zamine in the morning."

CHAPTER V.—Mokarra Defied.

The sun was skipping athwart the window of the room when the boys awoke, almost at the same moment next morning. Jack rose on his elbow and looked around. For the moment the immediate past was blotted out, and he wondered where he was. Then he remembered everything. Just then Fred rose on his elbow and looked at him.

"Hello! How do you feel this morning?" he asked.

"Fine as silk. I'm hungry, though."

"Same here. I wonder what time it is? We'd better get up, I think."

They got up and dressed in a few minutes. About the time they were ready to go down to the court a servant appeared at the door and motioned them to follow him. He took them down to the room in which they had had supper and there they found a morning repast on the table, and Zamine and Ubra in the room. Zamine looked earnestly at Jack, and when the boy caught her glance his heart gave a great jump. She was, indeed, the picture of Patrice, the girl of his vision, for Jack summed the matter up as a dream, the cause of which he could not fathom, as his common sense ridiculed the notion that the scratch from the jeweled Scarabaeus was responsible for it in any way. Nevertheless, Jack was now conscious that Zamine had obtained a tremendous hold upon his heart, and he did not see how it would be possible for him to break away from her.

"Good morning, Zamine!" he said, in a subdued tone, with a certain restraint in his manner, which she noticed at once. She returned his greeting with a smile, a smile so like Patrice's that he almost wilted under it.

"Did you sleep well, sahib?" she said sweetly.

"Oh, yes! We both slept like tops," he answered, without looking at her.

During the meal the conversation was chiefly carried on by Fred.

"Say, old man," he said at last, to Jack, "why are you so solemn? Why don't you open up and tell Zamine what happened to you last night?"

The Hindoo beauty's eyes lighted up at his words and she looked at Jack.

"Oh, it was nothing," said Jack, in a constrained tone.

"Nothing, sahib?" said Zamine softly.

"Well, I don't care to talk about it. I had a strange experience. A sort of dream or vision of—"

"Yes?" she said eagerly.

"A long time ago, if you want to know."

"Ah! And you saw—"

"I saw, for one thing, a girl that was the picture of you."

"Of me?"

"Yes, and she wore an exact duplicate of that Scarabaeus you carry around your neck."

"And what—what was she to you?"

"To me! Do you remember what you told us last night Nirvana was to the believers in Buddha?"

"Yes—yes!"

"That's what Patrice was to me."

With those words Jack got up and walked out into the court. Fred followed with mistress and maid, and Zamine went up to Jack.

"Then my name was Patrice, and I was an Egyptian?" she said.

"Your name?"

"The girl you said I was the picture of."

"Yes."

"And in that long, long ago we loved each other dearly, sahib?" she said, in a soft voice of melting tenderness.

"For Heaven's sake, Zamine, don't look at me that way. You bring back all I passed through last night. It was terrible—terrible!" he said, with a break in his voice. "If you only knew the tragedy of it you would shudder."

"Tragedy!" she said, with bated breath. "There was death?"

"Yes. Patrice was stabbed by her father, and she died in my arms, whispering with her last breath, 'We shall meet again, and then I will claim you.'"

"And do you believe she spoke the truth?" she said, in a thrilling tone.

"How can I, since it was but a dream?" he replied. "Though it all seemed to be as real as the present, and Patrice seemed to be as much a thing of life as you are at this moment, still there was nothing to it, for the spell was on me but five minutes, perhaps less, as Fred can tell you."

A sigh of intense disappointment escaped the girl's lips as he drew back.

"Ah, sahib, you traveled the road of yesterday and yet it means nothing to you."

"What makes you say that? How could it have been possible for me to have gone back two thousand years, perhaps, and lived over a space of an hour or two, inside of five minutes? It is impossible; besides, one cannot under the established order of things, go backward. Time goes forward, and we must all go with it."

"Have you ever dreamed of things that had happened to you in the past?"

"Yes, more than once."

"And they were as real to you as that which you experienced last night?"

"They seemed real in my dreams."

"Will you forgive me, sahib, if I confess something to you?"

"There is nothing you could do I wouldn't forgive, Zamine."

She seized his hand.

"Your finger has been scratched by a sharp point," she said.

"I know it, and I guess your Scarabaeus did it."

"Ah! You guess that? It is true. I pressed your finger against it."

"You did? I thought I did it myself. Why did you do it?"

"To prove to you that you have been on earth before. The person whose flesh is pierced by the thorns of the sacred scarab will return in spirit to his last incarnation on earth and there pass through some experience that actually happened to him when he lived in the flesh. It is true as fate itself. What you saw you once went through, as surely as yonder sun shines in the heavens."

"Perhaps then you believe that the Patrice of my vision was yourself, since she so perfectly resembled you?" said Jack.

"You should be the best judge of that, for the experience was yours, not mine. What Patrice was to you then she will be to you in this life if fate brings you together. If you recognize her not it will be a misfortune for both, for those once joined in perfect love are forever united in spirit. Happy indeed are they who find their true affinity."

"Zamine, do you think that we—yet how could we, since you are of the East while I am of the West? Your creed, your thoughts, your customs—everything, in fact, connected with you, are as far apart from mine as the Poles. There is but one thing we can have in common, and that is love."

"And is not love everything?"

"I am sorry to say that in my country love is not as you picture it. One of our most important industries is the divorce court, where mistaken affinities are freed of their legal bonds. But to return to ourselves, I admit that I think more of you than of any girl I have ever met, or expect to meet. If we must part I shall never forget you, though thousands of miles divide us. For your sake, I would dare what Pompilius dared for Patrice, and that was death."

"Then you love me, sahib?" she said, with a breathless eagerness.

"I cannot deny it. And you—do you love me?"

"With all my heart—with all my soul. Almost from the moment I first saw you last night I recognized you as my soul-mate. We have loved in spirit if not in the flesh, through countless centuries. We are the true unit, though divided, but when after the lapse of ages we shall reach Nirvana, we shall then be one forevermore."

She threw her arms about Jack's neck and clung to him. At that moment there was a noise without. Fred and Ubra, who had been airing themselves under the portico, came rushing into the court.

"Look out, Jack, we'd better hide ourselves. There's a bunch of Hindoos coming," said Fred.

"Away to the upper story, Jack dear," said Zamine. "Come, Ubra, we must hide, too."

"Stop!" roared a stentorian voice. "So I've caught you at last, have I, Zamine?" and the speaker uttered a harsh laugh of triumph, while the end of the court filled with nearly a dozen Hindoos.

"Mokarra!" gasped Zamine, clinging to Jack.

"Aye, Mokarra, whom you thought to elude by flight," replied the Brahmin priest, folding his arms and regarding her with gloating triumph.

"The rifles, Fred—quick!" whispered Jack.

"Who are these foreigners who have dared invade the Mystic Temple of the Jungle? By that act their lives are forfeited."

"We are American boys, connected with the Madras consulate. Harm us, and the power of the United States will be brought to bear upon you."

"I care nothing for the American nation nor England, the usurper, either. I am a high priest of Brahma, and as such superior to the orders of any man."

"Suppose we have taken refuge in this temple. We couldn't help that. We went on a tiger hunt with a party and got lost in the jungle. We were so fortunate as to save Zamine, her maid and their retinue from a tiger, which we killed, and in gratitude for our services they brought us here," said Jack.

"Is that true, Zamine?" asked Mokarra.

"It is. He saved our lives."

"In consideration of that fact, young man, and because you have been such a brief time in the temple, your lives will be spared and you shall be conducted to the outskirts of the jungle, or even to Delhi, if you wish. Now, Zamine, come. I have no time to spare. I have brought a palanquin for your accommodation. We must start back to Delhi at once."

"Never!" cried the girl.

"Then I shall have to use force since persuasion fails."

The Brahmin priest advanced to seize her.

"Stand back, Mokarra!" cried Jack, drawing his revolver. "You touch her at your peril."

"What! You dare stand between me and that wilful girl?" roared the priest.

"Ay! Though you had an army at your back!" cried the boy, with flashing eye.

At that moment before his mental vision flashed the picture of his defence of Patrice, in his vision, and every nerve tightened up and he stood as Pompilius had stood, holding the girl of his heart on his arm and defying her father and his armed minions to take her from him. It now seemed to him that this rascally Mokarra bore a strong resemblance to the picture of Patrice's father. Was that scene to be re-enacted under changed conditions?

"Run, Zamine, and I will cover your retreat," he said, anxious for her safety.

"Never, Jack dear. If we must die, at least we will die together," she replied.

"Fool!" cried Mokarra. "Do you not see my people around me? One word from me and they will bury their knives in your heart"

He made a sign and every Hindoo flashed forth an ugly-looking weapon.

"Lead travels quicker than steel, Mokarra," said Jack unflinchingly; "before one of those knives could reach my body you would be a dead man. If you value your own life, you will get out of here and take your crowd with you, for Zamine goes not with you. She is under my protection, and the protection of the American flag, and I shall defend her with my life."

Mokarra uttered some Hindoo word that sounded very like an imprecation, and probably was, from the expression on his face. He looked at the bore of Jack's weapon, which covered his heart, and he saw that the boy meant what he said.

"Very well, young man," he said, with a malevolent look, "you hold the advantage at present. Think not that your puny efforts will avail to save Zamine from my power. Her father's life is forfeited under the laws of Brahma. Unless she yields herself to me now, his blood will be on her head."

"Have mercy!" cried the girl, sinking to her knees.

"Aha! So I have touched you at last, have I? Ask the tiger standing over its victim if it will have mercy! Ask the boa about to crush its prey to forbear. Ask the wild beasts of the jungle to lie down in amity with the ewe lamb. If they will obey your wish, then will I have mercy on your father and yield my claim on you."

He glowered at the girl with a chuckle, as Lucifer might at the plea of a lost soul standing before his throne.

"So you call yourself a man," said Jack, with a ring of scorn. "Get out of here, and get blamed quick, or I'll shoot you on general principles."

He made a menacing move with the revolver, and Mokarra, fearing he would carry his threat into effect, made a sign to his followers, and hastily left the building.

CHAPTER VI.—Jack Investigates the Idol.

"Oh, Jack, Jack!" cried Zamine, springing to her feet and throwing herself on the breast of her lover. "My poor father!"

"Don't worry. If that scoundrel harms a hair of your father's head he shall answer to me, I swear it."

"My love! From this moment I forswear everything—home, country, even my father, for you. I am yours—yours forever, as I feel I have been since time was."

She pressed her lips to his, again and again, and under the thrall of her passionate love Jack surrendered absolutely to her dominion over his heart. Fred appeared with the two rifles at this juncture and pretended he did not see what was going on. He grabbed Ubra and pointed to an imaginary something he pretended to see on the top of the temple above the idol's head. When Jack saw them he took Zamine's arms from around his neck and encircling the happy girl's waist with his arm led her toward the others.

"You were a long time getting those guns," he said to Fred.

"No, I wasn't. I didn't bring them forward, but stood behind the curtain when I saw you had that rascal under your revolver. Had a scrap started I would have opened fire on the bunch, and that would have given you the chance to have retreated. As things turned out, you handled matters without my help," said Fred.

"I guess I did. I wasn't in any humor for fooling, and would have shot that scoundrel as quick as a wink if he had persisted in his attempt to get Zamine. She is under our protection, and we must stand by her at all hazards."

"You can count on me, Jack."

"You'd better send one of your servants out to see where those chaps went," said Jack to Zamine. "They may be hiding in the jungle to catch us off our guard."

"I will," she said, and left the court for that purpose.

When she returned Jack suggested that they go on the roof themselves, where they would be safer, and could keep a watch on the edge of the jungle clearing.

"I don't know if there is any way of reaching the roof," said the girl.

He started toward the idol-room. She laid her hand on his shoulder and said that perhaps they could reach the roof by some other route than through the idol-room.

"All right. I don't care how we go, provided we get up there," he said.

So they entered the room where their meals had been served, ascended the stairs to the half-story where the sleeping rooms were, and proceeded to look for an opening to the roof. There was none, however. By this time the servant returned to report that Mokarra and his followers had gone off in the direction they had followed in coming there, but had left one native behind to watch the temple. This made Zamine nervous, for that was the route to Delhi, where her home and father was, and she feared Mokarra intended to execute his threat against her parent. Jack assured her that her father had but to appeal to the British authorities for protection to block the rascal.

"But the viceroy is away," she said.

"What of it? The officer he left in charge of affairs ought to answer as well."

Zamine shook her head. She said that Mokarra's influence in Delhi was all-powerful, but for that she would not have been obliged to flee her

home. Jack, however, insisted that her father would come out all right.

"You say that the rascal left one of his men behind to keep an eye on us?" he said.

"Yes. Should we leave this temple he will follow us and then return to Mokarra to report where we have gone," she answered.

"The best thing we can do, then, is to try and catch the fellow."

"That would be a difficult matter, for Hindoo spies are crafty."

"That's no reason why we shouldn't make the attempt."

"Whatever you advise I will do, Jack dear, but I have little faith in the result. It would be easier to find a snake in the grass."

"I dare say the jungle grass is full of those reptiles. Let's go out under the porch."

A servant was summoned to carry the settees out in front, and the young people took possession of them, the boys being careful to keep their rifles within easy reach, for there was no saying what emergency might arise which would call for their use.

"Say, I wonder what that thing is?" said Fred, calling out to Jack and pointing at a stone with a flat slab, about four feet square, which lay imbedded in the ground just outside the portico.

"I give it up," replied Jack, showing no particular interest in the thing, for he had eyes for nothing except Zamine, whose lovely head reclined on his shoulder in blissful content. Fred, not being so delightfully employed, though he and the Hindoo maid were getting on together as well as two people can be expected to do who have to express their thoughts by dumb show, got up and walked over to look at the stone. He examined it all over, but could form no idea what it was doing there. He could not see what connection it had with the building. It looked more like a small flat-topped tomb than anything else, but was altogether too small to be sized up as such a thing. It had evidently been there for a long time, for the side nearest the portico had sunk several inches into the ground. Some strange characters were cut on the stone top. Thinking it must be a Hindoo inscription, Fred called Ubra over and pointed at the letters. She shook her head as much as to say they were Greek to her.

"Come out and take a look, Jack," said Fred, in a tone that showed he thought his companion ought to take a reef in his lovemaking for a while.

Jack concluded to come, but Zamine came with him.

"That isn't Hindoo, is it?" said Fred to Zamine, pointing at the characters.

"No," she replied. "They are Arabic letters."

"What do you suppose that stone was put here for?"

Zamine said she hadn't the least idea.

"I wonder if it's solid?" he said, giving the side of it a kick.

It felt solid enough, but as it had been built there both boys were of the opinion that it was hollow inside. They tried to lift the top slab which overlapped the sides all around, but it was either fast or too heavy for their strength. So they gave up the job and returned to their seats. The heat grew intense as the day advanced and

they all became sleepy. Zamine and Ubra retired to their sleeping apartment, and the boys to theirs, while a servant was detailed to keep watch at the front. Several hours passed before there was anything more doing. Then Jack awoke, got up and looked from the sashless window. There was nothing but the jungle in sight. He walked out of the room and went down the stairs on that side into the corridor which circled around at the back of the idol-room and separated that part of the temple from the rear rooms where the servants were quartered, and the food was prepared. He saw no one and heard no sound. He then decided to put in the present time at his disposal in viewing the idol. He wasn't sure that it amounted to a whole lot as a graven image, anyway. However, he was curious to inspect it, if only for the satisfaction of viewing something that few persons were supposed to have seen. It would be something to tell about when he got back to Madras, and later on when he returned to the States.

He made his way into the court. Not a soul was there. He slipped over to one of the curtained enclosures and entered the forbidden part of the temple. The light being shut off by the curtains he was disappointed to find that he could make out nothing but a great shadowy and shapeless object perched on an oblong base, rising into the darkness above. He walked up to it and laid his hand on the base. It had the feel of wood. Stepping back, he struck a match. As the light flared out he saw the lower extremities of the idol. It was perched crosslegged, in tailor fashion, upon a pedestal six feet high, about eight feet wide in front and five feet in depth. The base was covered with a glittering device of Hindoo design, a part of which might be taken for gold at a distance, but was nothing but heavy plating.

When the first match expired he lighted a second and began a survey of the room. Between each curtained opening was affixed a huge oil lamp, with a polished brass reflector behind it, to throw the light full upon the idol, or at least the lower part of it, and its base. Jack daringly went around and lighted the wicks of all of them. He now had a fine view of the idol up to its waist, but beyond that was shadow. The image was painted in grotesque style, and inlaid with large imitation gems, made out of colored glass. Apparently the priests were taking no chances with real stones, so often met with on other idols.

"I fail to see anything mystic about this figure," said Jack to himself.

Behind the base stood a ladder, and Jack took advantage of it to mount up to the crossed legs. He found, as he supposed, that the image was constructed of wood. Up he clambered till he got above the circle of light, stepping with little ceremony upon the legs and then the arms of the idol. Roosting on one of the arms, he struck a match and flashed the light upward. He saw a long neck, but the head was still invisible. After a brief rest he climbed on to one of the wide shoulders. Here he flashed another match and saw the neck, several yards in circumference with a circular gallery behind it. He stepped on the gallery and saw the three doors that opened into the narrow corridor. They were fastened by pieces of wood that worked on a screw. Turning

one of the pieces, he pushed the door open. As the neck of the image was long and smooth, it was out of the question to climb further. He looked upward, but couldn't even see the outline of a head.

"I wouldn't be surprised if it had no head," he thought. "Of what use would a head be up here, anyway?"

He leaned against the back of the neck as he spoke. There was a click, a secret door opened inward, and the boy plunged backward into the hollow idol, the door closing after him with another click.

CHAPTER VII.—In Which Jack Is Missed.

"Hello, where's Jack gone?" exclaimed Fred, when he woke up and found his friend missing from the room. As his query remained unanswered, Fred got up, looked out of the window in a casual way and, seeing nothing more than Jack had seen when he looked out, walked out of the room and took the stairs that Jack had followed down. Reaching the court, he found it unoccupied. The glare of the sun there prevented him from observing the light of the many lamps in the idol room, behind the curtains, Jack lighted. He went out to the portico and found the servant there who had been stationed on watch. The man was asleep. Creeping upon him in a stealthy way was the spy left behind by Mokarra. The villainous-looking rascal had divested himself of his clothing, light enough at the best, and now was completely naked, except for a strip of calico around his loins. Furthermore, he was smeared from head to foot with oil, which made his dusky skin glisten like the scales of a fish just out of water.

Although clearly on the alert, he failed to notice Fred when he came to the doorway. The boy stopped when he saw the actions of the fellow. No tiger—accounted the most cunning of all beasts when in quest of prey—could approach its victim more insidiously and stealthily than this scoundrel was creeping upon the sleeping native. When Fred saw him he was close enough to stab the unconscious watcher if such was his intention, but it wasn't. He contemplated a more effectual method of killing his intended victim. His preparations were of the simplest kind. Unwinding the strip of calico from around his loins, he proceeded to slip it about the sleeper's neck. Fred, watching him with fascinated eye, suddenly realized that the man was a devotee of the goddess Kiva, or Kali, the titular deity of the thugs—the most villainous sect of scoundrels that ever cursed India's soil. Another moment and the fatal wrench would have been given, but that moment was denied him. Quick as a flash, Fred whipped out his revolver, took aim at the fellow's back and fired. Entertaining a holy horror of thugs, from the stories he had read and heard about the murderous villains, he had not the slightest compunction in shooting this fellow down like a dog. In fact, that was the way the English were rooting the pest out of the land whenever the opportunity presented itself. The thug uttered a gurgling cry, swung partly around and dropped dead on the porch with a bullet through his heart.

The report awoke the watcher and he started up in alarm, to find the calico strip around his neck. In a moment he realized his escape, for he knew from the naked and oiled dead man the character of the would-be assassin. The native salaamed to the earth and fairly kissed the boy's shoes. This was the only way he could express his gratitude to his savior. Fred motioned to the dead thug and then to the jungle, an intimation that the corpse was to be taken there and left for the wild beasts of the night to devour. The servant understood, and between them the body was soon disposed of. When Fred and the man got back to the temple the former was somewhat surprised that the report of the revolver had not brought Jack outside to see what was going on. Wondering where he was, Fred started to look him up. As neither he nor the girls were in the court, Fred went upstairs to the room to see if Jack had got back there. He had not.

"Where in thunder can he have gone?" ejaculated Fred.

He returned to the court, and this time he found Zamine and Ubra there.

"I don't know where Jack is," he said.

Zamine looked startled. The thought occurred to her that the thug might have come up to Jack in his treacherous way and strangled him before he made the attempt on her servant, and she turned white. At that moment a draft waved one of the heavy curtains before the idol-room back and Ubra caught a reflection of the light in there. In some excitement she called Zamine's attention to the fact. The girl, knowing Jack's irreverence for idols, and his curiosity to see this one, jumped at the conclusion that he was in the idol-room. She mentioned her conjecture to Fred. Fred rushed into the idol-room and found it brilliantly illuminated by the lamps.

"Hello, old man, where are you?" shouted the boy; but he received no reply.

He hustled around the place and called Jack by name several times without any result.

"I'll bet he's hiding to give me a scare," thought Fred, "but he won't scare me worth a cent."

He looked behind the idol base, everywhere, in fact, where there was the least chance for a person to conceal himself in the room, though such opportunities were few, but he failed to see the least sign of his friend. Then he figured that Jack had climbed up on the idol and was hiding in the gloom above. He immediately ran up the ladder to the top of the base and began mounting the projection of the figure.

"Why don't you answer, Jack? I know you're up there," he said.

Only the mocking echo of his own voice came back to him. To say the truth, he wouldn't have attempted the climb but for his eagerness to discover his friend. Finally he reached the neck and saw the platform, with the door open.

"The old rascal; he's slipped out that way. I'll bet he's down in the court now with the girls, laughing at me. I won't do a thing to him when I get there."

Fred rushed through the door and found himself in the narrow, semi-circular corridor. He shut the door and hurried downstairs, but when he ran into the court he saw only the girls. They were surprised to see him come back that way.

"Where did you get out?" asked Zamine.

"Somewhere up around the shoulders of the idol. Jack climbed up there, opened a door and slipped out that way, neglecting to close it. That's how I got on to the route he took. But where is he?"

"I don't know. He didn't come in here," said Zamine.

"He didn't? Oh, come now, he's hiding somewhere on me."

"If he is, he hasn't shown himself to us."

"Is that really so?"

Fred told her about his climb after Jack, who wouldn't answer him, and remarked that he was so eager to overtake his friend that he had paid no attention at all to the idol, and could not say what it looked like, except that it appeared to be the gigantic figure of a man sitting cross-legged on a tall pedestal.

"Then you didn't see its face?" she said.

"No, it was too dark up around its shoulders to see anything."

"You say Jack was up there, too?"

"Of course he was, otherwise how came the door to be open?"

"Did you look in the room you occupied?"

"No; I didn't suppose he would go there."

"Then it's singular where he went," she said, not quite easy in her mind.

Fred thought so, too, though he was still suspicious of some game Jack might be playing on him, and he didn't want his friend to get the better of him.

He went out front and looked around, but Jack wasn't there.

He went all around the building, but didn't find him.

When he got back to the court he more than half expected to see him with the girls, but was disappointed.

At that moment the head of a servant appeared and announced that the chief meal of the day awaited them.

"That will fetch him," said Fred.

He ran to one of the curtains of the idol-room, and shouted:

"Dinner!"

Then he escorted the girls into the eating room where they sat down to await the appearance of the absent one. When Jack failed to show up in a few minutes Zamine called the servants and sent them around looking for him. They returned, one by one, and reported that they could not find him.

"Gee! I wonder where he's got to?" said Fred, beginning to eat, for he was hungry.

Zamine was so worried that she couldn't touch a mouthful. The meal was a melancholy repast, and the party didn't linger long over it. Zamine was now of the opinion that something had happened to Jack in the idol-room. Fred could not see how that could be, since he had found the upper door open; but for that circumstance he would have fallen in with the girl's idea. She would have ordered a general search of the idol-room, but she knew that not one of the Hindoos would venture within precincts they regarded as sacred. Fred declared that he would tackle the job himself, the only trouble being that he needed a light. Then he thought of the torches, and get-

ting one, he entered the idol-room for the second time, determined to go through the whole place if necessary.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Secret of the Temple.

He started to mount the ladder when it was suddenly knocked to one side off its balance, and he was precipitated headlong to the floor, and he and the ladder landing in a heap.

"Oh, gracious!" he ejaculated. "I believe my neck is broken."

"Why, hello, is that you, Fred?" asked the voice of Jack.

He partly shut the door through which he had just issued from the base of the pedestal, picked up the torch his friend had dropped, and waved it above him.

"Is it me? Who else do you suppose it is? That's a fine trick to play on a fellow. I'm a candidate for a hospital," returned Fred.

"I hope not, my dear fellow," said Jack, with some concern, helping his chum to get up. "I didn't know you were there, and on the ladder, too."

Jack made a dash for one of the openings and with a cry of joy Zamine sprang into his arms.

"Where have you been, dear, dear Jack?" she sobbed.

"Caged up inside the idol," he replied.

"Inside the idol!" she exclaimed. "How did you get there? Did you find a door and enter?"

"A door found me, and I entered with a half-somersault which, but for a lucky accident, would have broken my neck in short order."

"Tell me about it," she said.

"Sure; but suppose we adjourn to the dining room. I'd like something to eat."

"I guess we'd better put out those lamps in the idol-room first," suggested Fred.

"All right. Wait here, Zamine; I'll be back in a minute."

The boys extinguished all the lamps but the one directly facing the idol.

"Let that burn," said Jack, "for I'm going back there by and by and you can come with me and see the inside of the idol if you want to."

"I'm on," replied Fred, as they rejoined the girls.

Zamine's appetite returned, now that her sweetheart had come back, and during the meal Jack told his story. He first stated all that the reader knows about his movements in the idol-room up to the moment he leaned against the neck of the idol and in some way touched a secret spring which released the door and precipitated him headforemost down a hole. The hole ran clear to the floor, all of thirty feet below, and assuredly our hero would have broken his neck had not his right foot, as it swung over in the arc of a circle, caught in the rung of the narrow wooden ladder that ascended perpendicularly out of the depths and stayed his downward progress. His presence of mind in gripping a rung below that his hands came in contact with completed his self-preservation.

"There I hung, head downward," he continued, "like an inverted picture on the wall. I couldn't recover my natural position without performing a dangerous gymnastic feat. I saw that had to be done, so gripping my arms around the high-

est rung I could reach, I released my foot and my body swung over, my heels striking a projecting part of the idol and holding me suspended at an acute angle. Drawing in my legs, down my body went again, striking the ladder with a crash, nearly shaking me off. As soon as I recovered, I turned around and was all right."

"Gee, what an experience!" cried Fred, while Zamine shuddered at her sweetheart's narrow escape.

"As soon as my nerves were steady again I climbed up the ladder to find the secret door which had admitted me, and which had closed after me, and thus escape from my predicament. There was a short platform between the ladder and the door which I located by striking a match, but though I spent a good half hour searching for the spring, I could not find it and finally had to give it up."

"You must have felt kind of nervous at the idea of being shut up inside of the idol," said Fred.

"I won't say I didn't, even if it was not as strenuous as facing a live tiger in his native jungle," said Jack. "I decided to follow the ladder down, feeling sure that it led to some other exit, which I might be more fortunate in solving."

"That's how you reached the pedestal," said Fred.

"Exactly. I went down, down, till I thought there was no end to the trip, and was beginning to wonder where the ladder led to when I landed at last in what proved to be a cellar under this temple."

"A cellar!" ejaculated Fred.

"A cellar," repeated Jack.

"Under the idol-room?"

"Precisely. I passed the wide platform in the pedestal without knowing it, because all was dark and I did not strike another match until I found the solid ground under me."

"Anything in the cellar?"

"All manner of stuff belonging to the priests, I should judge, for most of it looked as if it was employed in the ceremonies connected with the temple. Among other things, I found this book," said Jack, taking a small one from his pocket. "It contains but little writing, but that is in Hindoo, so I can't read it. Doubtless you can, Zamine," he added, passing it over to her. "I found that inside a small stone chest."

Zamine first looked at some words impressed on the cover. They interested her, and she translated the words for the information of the boys.

"The secret of the Mystic Temple of the Jungle," she said.

"Eh!" exclaimed Jack. "What's that? The secret of this temple? Let's hear what it is."

Zamine opened the book. It had no leaves, but consisted of two tablets—one attached to the front cover and the other to the back cover, with a thick partition between them made of some soft, felt-like material mounted upon a stiff substance to keep it smooth and flat. The writing on the first page was in Arabic, and was headed by characters similar to those on the stone chest in front of the porch. Zamine could not read it. The writing on the back tablet was in Hindoo, but couched in terms most of which Zamine did not comprehend. Some of the words were intelligible to her, and among them was a reference

to the stone chest. After studying the writing for some time the girl admitted her inability to read it.

"That's too bad," said Jack. "I thought it was the Hindoo tongue."

"It is; but there are many variations of the language. This one is that used by the Brahma priests, and is peculiar to itself. It is like the Latin, a dead language, and has not been in common use in this country for many centuries."

"Well, it can't be helped. When people have a secret, I don't blame them for trying to keep it hidden from outsiders," said Jack.

"It seems to have some connection with that stone in front of the building. I can make that much out," she said.

"Is that so? Then we must investigate the stone. It is probably hollow, like the great idol, and being put there for a purpose, we may discover that purpose if we can get into it."

"Go on with your story, Jack," said Fred. "How did you discover there was a door in the base of the idol, and how did you get it open?"

"After I had seen all I cared to see by match-light, in the cellar, and had satisfied myself that it had no outlet that I could discover except by the way I came there, I made my way up the ladder to the platform in the base. I felt certain there must be an outlet from that, so I hunted for the spring, and after spending some time at the job I found it at last, and pushed the door open just as you were mounting the ladder. As the interior of the base seems to be sound-proof, I was unaware you were so close to me, and so——"

"I got it in the neck," laughed Fred. "Well, it's all right; I forgive you. If you two have finished eating we'll go out in front and take another look at the stone chest."

Jack was not averse to adopting the suggestion, and as Zamine wanted to be with her sweetheart, the three left the room, Ubra going upstairs. On their way out, Jack saw a stout stick about two feet and a half long standing in a corner. He picked it up and noted that it was carved with Hindoo signs. He handed it to Zamine and asked her if she knew what they meant.

"They are sacred characters. This stick belongs to some priest," she said.

"Well, hold on to it for me. I'll take it with me to Madras as a curiosity."

They gathered around the stone. "Say, Fred, go and get that small, oblong slab in the grass, yonder," said Jack. "I'm going to see if I can move this top stone with it."

Fred walked off to get it, while Jack dropped on his knees beside the stone. Zamine stood looking on at the opposite side. As Jack started to examine the curious-looking chest which lay imbedded in the rank grass, a snake darted at his left leg and curled around it. The girl saw the reptile, and raising the stick dealt it a heavy blow. With a fierce hiss the snake struck out blindly, missed Jack's head by a narrow margin, and rapidly uncoiling itself made off through the grass, followed by a bullet from Fred's revolver.

cobra manilla," she replied. "But for this stick, I fear you would have been bitten by it."

"I wonder why it attacked me?"

"It was lying in the grass, and your foot disturbed it."

"I guess I had a narrow escape."

"You certainly had, old man," said Fred, coming up with the slab. "It was a fierce-looking reptile, as fierce as the thug I shot while you were in the idol."

"What's that!" cried Jack. "You shot a thug? You never said anything about it till now. Let me hear about it."

Fred told him the incident.

"You've got one on me, Fred. You've killed a man."

"I don't call that dead rascal a man. He was worse than a tiger. You know the history of the murderous sect. They are being exterminated, I am glad to say, and though I have no desire to shed human blood, I am not sorry that I put one of those treacherous skunks out of business. If I hadn't shot him off-hand he would have strangled that servant of Zamine's, so you see I had to plunk him whether I felt like doing it or not."

"You did quite right. I'd have done the same thing had I been in your shoes. Well, let's get at this stone. Why, hello, blessed if that slab hasn't moved of itself!" he exclaimed, observing that the top piece had swung to one side a bit, exposing an opening. "Maybe I touched a hidden spring when that snake startled me."

On touching the slab, he found that it moved quite easily, and he pushed it around as far as it would go. Looking into it, he saw an oblong box made out of sandalwood. It was provided with a brass handle at each end, and grasping one of them, Jack lifted it up and Fred helped him land it outside. There was nothing else in the hollow stone, so Jack pulled the slab back into place, and found that it was quite solid again. A key stood in the lock. Jack turned it and lifted the cover. Inside reposed a magnificent collection of gems—diamonds, rubies, sapphires, opals, pearls and other stones, all of the purest water. The value of the amazing find could not even be guessed at, but Jack ventured the assertion that half a million American dollars wouldn't buy them.

"It's a regular treasure-trove," said Fred. "This must be the secret of the temple."

"I fancy the temple will have to get along without them if I can carry them to Madras," said Jack.

Zamine looked disturbed at Jack's words. If he was going to carry out that program, where did she come in?

"Oh, Jack," she said tearfully, "are you going to leave me?"

"Leave you! Certainly not. I shall take you along with me."

Then the thought of leaving her father made the girl look sad.

"My father—how can I leave him?"

"I thought you said you were willing to give up everything for me?" he said.

"I am willing, but my father has been good to me, and he loves me as the apple of his eye. He will think me an ungrateful girl if I desert him for one of the West. But if Fate so wills it,

CHAPTER IX.—The Jewel Treasure-Trove.

Jack sprang on his feet in some consternation.

"Was that a snake?" he said to Zamine.

"It was, and a very poisonous one called the

I shall not draw back, for I could not let you go away without me, Jack. Am I not the Patrice of your former incarnation?"

Jack was not prepared to admit that statement, in spite of his remarkable visionary experience which was still fresh in his mind.

"You are my Zamine, at any rate, and with that I am satisfied. With the past, if such ever existed, we have nothing to do. The present has enough in it to occupy all our thoughts. Come, Fred, help me carry this treasure into the temple."

The boys lifted it by the handles and bore it to the court.

"Now," said Jack, who was anxious to get back to civilization, particularly since he and Fred had acquired what appeared to be a large fortune of gems, "I think, Zamine, that the best thing we can do is to leave here at once, for there is no telling but Mokarra might change his mind about going to Delhi and return to capture you with a crowd too large for Fred and me to defend you against."

"We will start in the morning," said the girl. "It is late now, and darkness would overtake us long before we got out of the jungle. It is much more dangerous to travel by night than by day, for all the animals are out looking for prey, then, and hunger would be a strong inducement for them to attack us."

"Very well, Zamine. Whatever you say goes with me. We will postpone the start until the morning, but we can make our preparations now so that no time need be lost as soon as morning comes upon us."

Jack said they would take the box up to the room occupied by him and Fred, and invited Zamine to accompany them, as they could put in a little time looking the gems over. Accordingly, the boys lifted the box again, and followed by Zamine, they went upstairs, where they spent an hour looking at the magnificent stones and figuring out the value of each one they handled.

"Take your choice," Jack said to the girl. "The finest diamond or ruby in the box is none too good for the queen of my heart."

Zamine smiled, but declined to make a selection just then. Finally the box was locked and Jack put the key in his pocket. When they returned to the court they found Ubra waiting for them. She was told that they were going to leave the temple early in the morning. She asked where they were going and was told to Madras. The boys and the consular attache had come up the coast about fifty miles on a native vessel to join the two Englishmen on the tiger hunt. On consulting with Zamine they learned that a short distance from the eastern border of the jungle they would find an imperial road leading to Madras which they could take, the only objection to which was that it would expose them to the pursuit of Mokarra if he learned they had taken it. They could reach Madras by a roundabout and much longer route, which would take them twice as long to cover, but the boys were not in favor of that. The afternoon passed away and night descended once more on the jungle. They had a light evening meal and retired to their rooms early, as they intended to start soon after daylight sent the majority of the beasts and reptiles to their lairs. The boys looked their rifles over

carefully, and replenished the magazines with cartridges. They were just about to turn in when Jack, happening to look from the window, saw many lights approaching through the jungle.

"Come here, Fred—quick!" he said excitedly.

"What's up?" asked his companion.

"I'm afraid we're up against it."

"How?" asked Fred.

"Look yonder and you'll catch my meaning."

"Lights!" cried Fred. "That must be Mokarra and his party, after all. That's hard luck. If they had only held back a few hours, we should have given them the quiet slip. Now there's likely to be a fight, and I'm afraid we won't stand much show against the rascals, particularly if they have been reinforced."

"If they force matters, they'll know they've been in a fight. There's little doubt but it's the Mokarra party. They are coming up from the rear to surprise us in case we have a guard posted in front. Mokarra is the key of the situation, so remember, our object must be to put him down and out. Now I'm going to arouse Zamine. You had better go to the front door and be ready to open fire on the rascals. I will join you there at once."

The boys seized their rifles and left the room.

CHAPTER X.—Caught.

Jack lifted the curtain of the girls' room and called to them. Zamine, who was asleep, awoke in an instant. She uttered some words in Hindoo, thinking it was a servant who had called.

"It is I, Zamine," replied Jack.

"Oh, Jack, what's the matter?"

"Fred and I have just seen many lights coming this way through the jungle, in the rear of the temple, and we fear it is Mokarra returning with reinforcements."

Zamine uttered an exclamation of alarm. Ubra was now awake, and she rushed to her mistress.

"Fred and myself are going to hold the front entrance," continued Jack. "It is too bad that your servants are armed with nothing better than knives. You must call them, anyway, and we'll put up the best fight we can if we are attacked. You can count on one thing, and that is, if we catch sight of Mokarra we shall shoot him down without holding any argument with him."

Jack rushed down to the front entrance and found Fred ready for action. He had taken the watcher to the corner of the building and shown him the many lights, and the native had gone to arouse his companions. The boys stood where they could watch the oncoming lights. At last they reached the edge of the clearing around the temple and stopped. Through a lane formed of the lights came four bearers with a palanquin. This also stopped and a tall, athletic-looking man alighted from it.

"It's Mokarra," said Jack.

"Now is the chance to shoot him," said Fred.

"It seems almost like murder to do it before he has shown his hand," replied Jack.

"He won't have any mercy if he gets his hands on us."

While Jack hesitated, all the lights were suddenly extinguished, leaving the intruders in gloom

and the boys lost their present chance to do up Mokarra.

"I'm afraid we can't do much against them under the cover of darkness," said Fred. "They'll be on us before we can shoot with any effect."

"We must get inside the building, stand back in the corridor, and fire at the first who attempts to enter. That will show them we are on our guard."

This plan was adopted. In a few minutes two dark figures appeared at the doorway.

"Take the chap on your side. Now!"

The two rifles cracked and the natives fell, with loud cries. The next moment Jack felt a touch on his arm and saw Zamine by his side.

"You'd better go to your room," he said. "You are in danger here."

The girl refused to leave her sweetheart; so the three stood in the corridor watching for the next move on the part of the enemy. The two wounded natives were making a great outcry, and their fate evidently deterred the others from venturing before the door. Some minutes elapsed and then they heard cries and confusion at the back of the temple. The alarm was given by the Hindoo servants that the enemy had forced the back entrance.

"We're lost!" cried Zamine, clinging to Jack's arm.

"What has happened?" he asked.

She explained the cause of the disturbance. Jack saw at once that they couldn't hold their present position.

"We must retreat to the idol-room," he said to Fred.

Seizing Zamine by the hand, he hurried her into the court and across it into the idol-room, Fred following with the shrinking Ubra. Reaching the back of the great idol, Jack opened the door in the base, which he had left ajar by placing the end of the ladder so it would not close of itself.

"Get that lighted lamp off the wall," he said to Fred. "Give me your gun."

Fred brought the lamp.

"Get inside. The platform is large enough to accommodate the four of us. Go in first, Fred, and hold up the lamp so the girls won't fall into the well."

Fred obeyed, then Jack drew the two girls inside and let the door close on them.

"Climb down the ladder, Fred, and take the lamp with you."

His chum followed directions.

"Tell Ubra to go down now," said Jack to Zamine, as soon as Fred reached the bottom.

The maid tremblingly obeyed orders.

"Now get down yourself, Zamine," said Jack.

He followed his sweetheart, and the four stood in the cellar, where not a sound reached them from above. Here they conversed in low tones and waited for something to happen. The minutes flew, but their hiding place was not intruded upon. Doubtless Mokarra was in full possession of the temple by this time and was searching for them.

Jack feared he would find the box of jewels, though he took comfort in the fact that he had shoved it under the head of his bed out of sight.

They were safe for the present, but he did not doubt that the rascally high priest was perfectly

familiar with the secrets of the idol-room, and would in the end suspect that they had taken refuge inside the great figure.

If he came to that conclusion he would have to seek them there himself, for no common Hindoo could enter the sanctuary of the priests.

It would not do for Mokarra to invite them to do so, even to catch the fugitives, for it would be establishing a dangerous precedent, a fact none knew better than himself.

Jack knew that Mokarra could not route them out alone.

If he tried to do so he intended to shoot him down and then take chances with his followers.

Jack, however, didn't know that the wily Mokarra, probably foreseeing what might happen, had not only brought a reinforcement of Hindoos, but six Brahma priests also.

An hour passed away and still nothing happened. Jack grew impatient and decided to mount the ladder as far as the neck, where he originally entered the idol, and see if he could find the spring to the door which had eluded him before. Leaving his rifle in a corner, and announcing his purpose, he started on his upward trip. He reached the platform without trouble, struck a match and reached out his hand. As he did so, the door opened and the dusky face of one of the priests confronted him. Both were taken by surprise. The matchlight showed that the Hindoo was not Mokarra, and so Jack supposed it was one of the common mob. Recovering himself quickly, he struck the man in the jaw with his left fist, and dropping a match, stepped forward half out of the door and hit the fellow with his other fist. The priest staggered to one side of the circular gallery, lost his balance and fell clear to the floor of the idol-room, breaking his neck. Jack looked down, saw the flashing of lights and heard many exclamations in the Hindoo language. He could see a bunch gathered about the dead man.

"They'll suppose that he made a misstep up here in the dark and fell," he thought.

Jack held the door in the idol's neck ajar with his hat and then he opened the door into the circular corridor and looked out. All was dark there, and he heard no sound. He judged that the rooms had all been searched, after which the Hindoos had returned to the ground floor. Jack ventured along the corridor as far as the stairs on one side, and feeling satisfied there was no one above the ground floor, he darted into the room occupied by himself and Fred and felt for the treasure box. It was still there, and the touch of the wood gave him a feeling of great satisfaction. He returned at once to the gallery around the idol's neck and looked down again. All was now dark below. Entering the idol again, he put on his hat and substituted one of his rifle cartridges to hold the door from shutting tight. Then he began his descent to rejoin his friends. When he reached the platform at the base he stopped and considered whether he dare open the door, with a view to further investigation.

He knew where the spring was, and laid his hand on it. The door flew open and he stepped outside, plugging the door with his hat. All was darkness, just as he had viewed it from above. Glancing around the corner of the pedestal, he saw that the court was lighted up and he heard

Mokarra's deep voice speaking. Daringly Jack ventured as far as one of the curtains and looked out. He gave a gasp of consternation. Zamine and Ubra were there—the former defiant, the latter trembling with fear of what might happen. In the grasp of four Hindoos stood Fred, a prisoner. The room all around was lined with Hindoos, while behind Mokarra were the impassive figures of two priests. Jack realized that during his absence his party had been surprised and captured, and he wondered how many Hindoos his chum had shot before he was overpowered.

"It's tough luck," he muttered. "I should not have left them. I would have died before they had got their hands on Zamine. Well, that rascal shall not triumph. I'll kill him where he stands and put an end to his persecution of Zamine."

He laid his hand on his revolver, and then he thought that his rifle, which he had left in the cellar, would be more effective, for it would be dangerous for him if he missed his mark, and he did not like to rely on his revolver for a sure shot. He hurried back to the door, put on his hat and slipped down the ladder into the now dark cellar. As he entered the place, he was suddenly pounced upon by two priests. He had unwittingly fallen into the trap set for him by Mokarra.

CHAPTER XI.—The Fate of Zamine.

Two Hindoo priests had hold of Jack, and they uttered exclamations of triumph as soon as they got their hands on him. There wasn't the slightest doubt in their minds that they had him dead to rights, for he was only a boy, and they entertained a proper contempt for boys in general. They paid the usual penalty of over-confidence. Jack, to begin with, was an unusually muscular boy. He had been a leader in athletics at the academy he graduated from, being the pitcher of the baseball nine, with an iron wing, the captain of the football team, and an all-around record-breaker at other sports. For the moment he was taken off his balance through sudden surprise. Any one can imagine how it would feel to be unexpectedly laid hold of in the dark by two men whose intentions are unfriendly.

The fact that he failed to put up an immediate struggle led his captors to believe that he had been cowed by his capture. They started to lead him to the ladder. Then Jack woke up, and there was something doing that rather surprised the two priests. The chap who had hold of Jack's pitching arm was sent whirling to one side like a teetotum. With an exclamation the other fellow took a tighter hold of his captive. It only lasted long enough for Jack to draw his revolver, jab it against the man's chest and pull the trigger. He dropped, with a scream. Then the boy, wound up for business, struck a match and locating the other fellow, put a bullet into him. Striking another match, Jack saw the extinguished lamp and lighted it. The two priests lay badly wounded on the floor, writhing and moaning. He dragged them back in a corner and left them to their fate. Then he looked for his rifle. It was where he had left it, and Fred's lay on the floor with one cartridge discharged, while close by lay

the dead body of the priest he had shot. It was clear he had been overpowered before he could fire a second time. Grabbing up his Remington, Jack started to mount the ladder, with the desperate resolution of killing Mokarra, and rescuing Zamine from his clutches.

He had just put his foot on the ladder when he heard a soft step on the platform above, and then a sibilant hiss downward. Jack stepped back, expecting that somebody was about to descend. Owing to the position of the lamp, it did not throw its light into the well, so the boy's figure could not be seen from above. A voice said something in Hindoo which, of course, Jack did not understand. The party on the platform was calling the two priests up. They did not respond for the excellent reason that they couldn't.

The man repeated his call, but with no better result. Then he concluded to come down. Jack heard his foot on the rungs and reversed his revolver. The visitor reached the ground and started to turn around. His memory failed him about that time for the butt of the weapon came into violent contact with his head. That ended the usefulness of priest number five. Jack dragged him over near the lamp and wasted some minutes tying his arms. Then he left him and mounted to the idol-room. Cocking his rifle, he glided over to the curtain and looked out. Things had changed considerably since Jack started after his Remington. The big bunch of Hindoos had disappeared. So had Mokarra, and with them had gone Zamine and Ubra. And they had also taken Fred. With an exclamation of dismay, Jack cut out across the court to the corridor that led to the front door. On the edge of the jungle were two-score of waving torches in the hands of the retiring rascals. The palanquin, now containing the girls, was just starting off with Mokarra walking on one side of it and the lone priest on the other.

Wound up to desperation, Jack started after the enemy. He intended to shoot Mokarra at all hazards and then sell his life as dearly as possible in the defense of Zamine. With this purpose in his mind, he hurried after the rascals. He reached the jungle just in time to see a detachment of the Hindoos breaking away from a tree. The flashing lights revealed to his gaze his chum bound to that tree for the first prowling beast to make short work of. Waiting till the rear guard had gone forward a hundred yards, Jack rushed up to the tree. Fred, taking him for a wild beast leaping at him, uttered a cry.

"Cut it out!" cried Jack tersely. "I've come to save you!"

"Is that you, Jack?" exclaimed Fred, in a tone of intense relief. "Cut me free, for Heaven's sake!"

Jack pulled out his pocket knife and quickly released him.

"Now we'll follow those scoundrels," said Jack. "Follow them! There's fifty of them, at least."

"I don't care if there were fifty thousand. Mokarra has Zamine in his power. I intend to kill him and save her, if I can."

"Don't be a fool. You can do better than that."

"What do you mean?" said Jack impatiently.

"I know the rascal's plans, for I heard him tell them to Zamine."

"Well, what are his plans?"

"He is not going to take her back to Delhi."

"Where, then?"

"To the Sanctuary of Brahma, in the Pagoda of the Juggernaut, on the southern border of the jungle."

"Well?"

"It is the place where virgins are devoted to the service of Brahma."

"Why, the scoundrel intends to marry her."

"He appears to have changed his mind."

"Sure of that, are you?"

"He ought to know his own mind, for he told Zamine that since she would not willingly marry him she must become a priestess of the Pagoda for the rest of her life. It would then be impossible for her to marry any man, or, in fact, see any man again, even her father. Her rescue through the interposition even of the British viceroy would be impossible, as the imperial agreement made with India prevented any interference on the part of the English authorities with the established regulations of Brahma."

"Then we have no time to lose if we are going to save her."

"We have three days."

"How do you know that?"

"He said that the ceremonies binding her to the Juggernaut would begin to-morrow afternoon, and that in three days she would belong to Brahma forever."

"But if we don't follow that bunch we'll never be able to locate the place they are taking her."

"Yes, we will. Mokarra left Zamine's servants bound in the temple. We must release them and in the morning they will lead us to the Pagoda of the Juggernaut."

"How can we tell them where we want them to take us?"

"We can do it, because they know where the rascal is taking her. Let's get back to the temple before any wild beast gets us."

Jack allowed himself to be persuaded, though he was hot on following the bunch that night. Fred, however, assured him it would be not only dangerous to them, but would, in his opinion, be fatal to Zamine's chance of ultimate rescue.

When they reached the temple, they found the servants tied up in their quarters. Releasing them, Jack gave them to understand that their purpose was to start in the morning to save Zamine from Mokarra. They found that the chief servant understood a little English, and after some difficulty he made the boys understand that he knew where the Pagoda of the Juggernaut was and would take them there.

"We'll carry the treasure-box with us in the palanquin," said Fred, when they reached their room, "and when we have saved Zamine and Ubra we'll make a bee-line for Madras."

Jack nodded and then they turned in, after he had told Fred how he had played the march on the priests left to ambush him in the cellar, and Fred had related to him the facts of their capture. The boys slept like tops till they were aroused at daylight by the chief servant. They carried the jewel chest downstairs with them, partook of a hasty breakfast, and then found the palanquin awaiting them outside.

Then it was that Jack thought about the two wounded priests and the stunned one in the cel-

lar. It struck him as inhuman to leave them there, so after consulting with Fred, they went to the cellar and got the priests out one by one. The wounded men were badly hurt, but they might recover. The one who had been stunned had regained his senses. The three were left in the eating-room with a supply of food and water, the unhurt chap being left with his arms unbound but tied to the table in such a way that it would take him some time to release himself. The jewel-box was placed in the palanquin, and then the party started to make their way out of the jungle in the direction of the Pagoda of the Juggernaut.

CHAPTER XII.—The Pagoda of the Juggernaut.

They traveled with good speed through the jungle until midday, when they stopped beside a spring of pure water in an opening to rest and eat their dinner. So far they had been fortunate in failing to run across a single dangerous animal, or even a snake of any kind. Doubtless they passed close to many of the latter, but did not disturb them. The afternoon was waning when they finally emerged from the jungle and saw a large village before them, with the Pagoda of the Juggernaut rising to some height on the outskirts of it. They took refuge in a deserted hovel, half a mile outside of the village, where they rested and considered their plans for the rescue of Zamine, and incidentally Ubra, who was in no particular danger.

It was decided that it would be prudent to postpone operations till after dark, for if they entered the village openly, their presence was likely to be reported to Mokarra, and then they might find themselves in a bad fix again. They could tell from the music and the activity of the villagers that something out of the common was going on and that, of course, was the commencement of the ceremonies to immolate Zamine as a virgin of the Pagoda. From the hovel they saw a procession winding its sinuous way through the village toward the Pagoda, with music and dancing girls in the lead. Whether Mokarra and Zamine were a part of the procession, or were awaiting it at the Pagoda, the boys could not tell at that distance. The rascal and his victim were in the procession.

Mokarra, clad in a religious costume, led the van. Behind him came musicians, then the priests of the Pagoda of the Juggernaut, then a crowd of girl singers dressed in white, after them the dancers, who were all girls, also in white, and finally a great number of the villagers, who followed the common attaches of the Pagoda. The boys watched the procession till it finally reached the Pagoda, and all the principals entered, leaving the villagers outside, to catch a sight through the numerous openings of a part of the ceremonies within.

As darkness closed in, the Pagoda was lighted up, and the music and singing continued for a while. Then the first part of Zamine's initiation came to an end, and the performers and villagers departed, while Mokarra led his victim to the eating-room of the building where a meal awaited them. The boys in the meanwhile partook of a light meal to brace them up for the crisis

ahead, and leaving their rifles behind, as too cumbersome to carry, they made their start for the Pagoda. Fortunately the night was not a bright one, and they passed along by a roundabout course without attracting observation. The villagers were nearly all in their houses, eating and preparing to retire for the night, in order to be up bright and early for the joyful festivities that were on next day's program.

As the Pagoda of the Juggernaut stood in solemn majesty by itself, the boys were able to avoid the village in coming to it. They approached it from the rear, where the quarters of the priests and their servants were. These were lit up, and it was necessary to avoid getting too close to them. So they sneaked cautiously around to the front. The building was built on a large square base, and rose tier on tier, narrowing perceptibly with each short story, till it culminated in a sort of cupola. It was constructed entirely of wood, and its design was most fantastic.

"I'm going in," said Jack. "I think you'd better wait here to cover my retreat in case I have to run. Your presence won't be suspected, even if I'm seen by Mokarra, for you are supposed to be trussed up in the jungle."

Accordingly, Jack cautiously made his way into the entrance while Fred hid himself behind one of the numerous supports of the building. The front room, of some size, where the ceremonies had been conducted and which was visible in a general way when lighted up, either by daylight or lamps, was now dark and deserted. It was somewhat similar, only larger, to the court of the Mystic Temple of the Jungle, and the idol-room by a devious course and finally walked into it. It was partially illuminated by the light from a great lamp, depending from the ceiling. The boy, standing in one shadowy entrance, caught a good view of the whole interior, and he might have been the first foreigner, since the time of the British invasion, to be thus favored.

This was the Sanctuary of Brahma, where no one but the priests and the sacred virgins were permitted to set foot. In the center stood the golden image of Brahma, seated cross-legged on a throne, also thickly studded with gold. In an alcove on each side were the effigies of the Brahma's brother and sister, Boleram and Shubudra, in a sitting posture, with their arms extended, in an attitude of prayer, elevated on twin pedestals, and over them, at some height, were two windows, with crossbar latticework to admit the air. The general effect of the room was one of great magnificence in detail, and its effect on a beholder for the first time was striking and awe-inspiring, particularly when viewed under the conditions Jack saw it. The plucky boy, with his hand on his revolver, made his way around to the back of the statue of Brahma, keeping out of the circle of light thrown by the lamp. As he stood considering his next move, he suddenly heard a low chorus of female voices, coming from some elevated point in the building. The air was a weird but soothing one. It seemed to fill the entire edifice, for the acoustic principles of the Pagoda were so arranged that the notes rebounded from scores of points and were magnified into a kind of celestial choir whose numbers might have been legion. Jack, in spite of his perilous situation, was quite carried away by the singing.

Suddenly he became conscious that he was no longer the only occupant of the idol-room. Mokarra had entered, leading Zamine with him. They came to a stop within a yard of the boy's place of concealment. Jack looked with hungry eyes upon his sweetheart. The attire she had previously worn had been replaced by white, embroidered with religious designs. On her head was a wreath of flowers, and sprays of green leaves. She looked pale and sad, but there was a certain defiance in her attitude that told Jack she would be game to the last. That encouraged him, for he knew he could depend on her to do her part when the thrilling moment came that would either mark her rescue or seal her fate forever. The singing died away and profound silence succeeded, which was soon broken by the villainous high priest.

"Welcome to the Sanctuary of your idol, Zamine," he said, in a tone of ill-concealed triumph. "How beautiful you look! Ah! although bedecked for sacrifice, I feel that I am the victim. Zamine, you are wholly mine—devoted by our sacred law to Brahma, whose chosen high priest I am. In me is fixed your destiny. Obey me and you triumph; oppose me and you perish."

"Mokarra, last night I defied you at the temple in the jungle to do your worst. That defiance I now repeat here where you appear to be all-powerful," replied the girl, throwing back her head proudly.

"Bully for you! You've got grit, and it will go hard if I don't save you," thought Jack, his blood thrilling at his sweetheart's nervy stand.

"Perhaps you fancy one of those foreign boys—the one who seems to have eluded me and may be still at large—will come to your aid? Ah, would he but venture! How I would laugh to have him in my clutches now. He threatened me with death, and at the point of his revolver forced me to resign you for the time being. I thirst for revenge. At this moment I have a hundred slaves scouring the jungle, and if he is brought here—"

"Well, if he is, what then?"

"What then!"

The villain uttered a laugh of infernal meaning.

"Can you ask what then? Every torture that my fertile brain could devise would be meted out to him, and you—you, Zamine, should behold his dying agonies—listen to his frenzied screams for mercy—for a momentary respite."

"Man, man, what are you?" cried the girl, pressing her hands to her face to shut out the fearful mental picture the rascal's words called up. "You are not a man. Your wickedness has transformed you into a spirit of perdition."

"So I have touched you at last!" with an evil laugh. "I have brought you to your knees. Perhaps you have learned to care for this boy, so much nearer your age than myself. With the fair face of the West and a figure that foolish women admire. Perhaps you care for him, I say?"

"Care for him, Mokarra!" she said, in a voice of thrilling sweetness. "Does the mother care for her first-born? Does the tigress care for her cubs? Do the birds of the air care for their fledglings? Such love is great, but transitory. My love for my soul-mate, for my Jack, is far beyond that as an ocean is to a few drops of water. We are bound together by ties that existed since we were created, and will exist

through all time. Those ties you, nor Brahma himself, can break. You have my answer."

"Confusion!" gritted Mokarra, his face convulsed with rage.

CHAPTER XIII.—Exit Mokarra.

"So you love that boy?" said the rascal. "I suspected as much from the admissions I have drawn from Ubra. Well, if he is caught we shall see. Perhaps you will try to buy his life with your consent to my proposal. Think you I will forego revenge when you are mine already? You should know me better. To-morrow you will go through the second part of the ceremonies that bind you to Brahma, and on the day after—the evil of eternal separation from the world will be put upon you, and you will have become one of the virgins of the Pagoda. But for all that you shall not escape me. Though Brahma's own anointed, yet shall you be my prize, with or without your consent."

He touched a bell and presently a priest entered with a golden cup. Mokarra took it from his hand and with a bow he retired.

"Perhaps you crave oblivion for a few hours. Well, here it is in this cup. Take it and drink. You will sink into a slumber peopled with dreams brighter than anything your fancy has ever painted. In the morning you will awaken in time to resume the ceremonies."

He held the cup toward her.

"I will not drink," she replied firmly.

"Nay, you must," he said.

"Must!"

With a quick movement of her arm she swept the cup from his grasp and it fell to the floor.

"Ha!" he cried angrily.

"I am but a woman, Mokarra, but with all your boasted power you cannot bend me to your will."

"Then, by Brahma, you shall taste of that power!" he cried.

He pushed a knob in the base of the pedestal. A door shot open, revealing a barred enclosure, within which lay, half-coiled, a huge cobra da capella, or hooded serpent. Grabbing the girl by the waist, he drew her forward.

"You see that reptile?" he said. "You shall be bound to that door. Then the snake will be stirred up. You can guess what then will happen."

"Fiend! You dare not do it!" cried the girl, recoiling in spite of herself.

"Dare not! Am I not master here? Who shall prevent me?"

"I will!" cried a ringing voice, and Jack stepped into view.

"Jack!" screamed Zamine, tearing herself free from Mokarra and flinging herself into his arms.

Mokarra started back in astonishment.

"You here!" he cried.

"Yes, I'm here."

"I thank you for coming. You are just in time. You shall take Zamine's place at the grating, with this addition—you shall stand in a pot of live coals that your pretended courage may be put fully to the test. It will be a rare sight for Zamine and me."

"It's a sight you never will see, Mokarra," said Jack, in a concentrated tone. "I have heard you boast of your unlimited power. It may extend

over all India, but not over me. I am simply an American boy, with no power but that which I possess in myself, nevertheless, I hold your life in my hand."

"This has gone far enough. The performance shall begin."

He made a step to reach the bell. Jack swung Zamine aside, raised his cocked revolver and fired with deliberation at the high priest. With a cry he clapped one hand to his chest, spun around and dropped dead on the floor.

"Come, Zamine, not a moment is to be lost!" cried Jack, rushing toward the nearest entrance to the court.

As they passed through the curtain they heard a rush of footsteps behind them as several priests ran into the sanctuary, alarmed by the unusual sound of a pistol. Fred heard the report of the weapon and started forward to cover his chum's retreat. In another moment Jack and Zamine were beside him.

"Get a move on, Fred. It is now nip and tuck for our lives. We must reach the hut first of all, and if pursuit is not at our heels we must make a detour of the village and strike out through the country."

"Who did you shoot?" asked Fred, as they rushed away into the night.

"Mokarra."

They hurried Zamine along at top speed and reached the hut. Zamine was placed in the palanquin along with the jewel-box, and the party was about to proceed when Fred thought of Ubra.

"We can't wait to get her," said Jack. "At any rate, she is in no danger, for she did not figure in the schemes of Mokarra."

He gave the signal to start, and off the party went as fast as it was possible to cover the ground with the palanquin. In a short time the village was left behind, and they struck a road where traveling was easier. They traveled southward all through the night, stopping occasionally to rest. When morning dawned the boys and the servants were thoroughly exhausted by their forced march, and they took refuge in a wood near the high road, and lay down to repose without eating. They slept undisturbed till close on to sundown, when the prepared food they had brought along was divided around and eaten. As soon as darkness fell on the landscape again they resumed their flight, but at a more deliberate and less exhausting pace. In this way they covered considerable of the distance that lay between them and Madras, but as their route was not a direct one, they were still more than fifty miles to the west of it, when they had gone as far south as they thought was necessary. They were not yet out of danger, though they fancied they were. That afternoon they put up at a kind of inn in a village they reached, and retired to rest early. They had been asleep but a short time when the boys were aroused by a hubbub in front of the house. Looking out of the window, they found a mob in the road with scores of flaming torches. At the door below were several Hindoo priests knocking for admission. Zamine had been aroused, too, and being able to understand what was said below, she saw that the priests were after her. She rushed into the boys' room and explained the situation.

"Don't fear, Zamine. They'll never get you except over our dead bodies," said Jack.

They snatched up their rifles just as the door was burst open and the priests entered the room, with a mob behind them.

CHAPTER XIV.—Conclusion.

"Stand back!" cried Jack.

One, assuming the part of spokesman, demanded that Zamine be delivered up to them.

"What is he jabbering about?" asked her sweetheart.

"Nothing you would care to know," she replied evasively.

"Tell them to get out, and to get out quick, or somebody will be hurt."

Zamine delivered the message. The priests decided to obey, and then adopt other means to get the girl into their hands. So they ordered the crowd behind to retire, and the bunch did so, leaving the way open for the priests to follow. As soon as the last one disappeared, the boys shut the door and barricaded it with the bed.

"No more sleep for us to-night," said Jack. "Those rascals will work some fresh dodge presently and we must be ready to meet their game."

Nothing happened for half an hour, at the end of which time the beleaguered ones noticed a peculiar pungent smell that was filling the room.

"We are lost!" cried Zamine, with a look of despair.

"What do you mean?" asked Jack.

She explained that the priests had procured braziers and starting fires in them had sprinkled the burning wood with a certain poisonous shrub in dried and powdered form.

"We shall sink to sleep in a few minutes, and then they will come and take me away. Unless they then remove the braziers you and Fred will die in a short time."

"Open fire on the rascals!" cried the angered Jack.

They began blazing away with the Remingtons. The torch-bearers and others fell with cries as the bullets singled them out, and a great scattering of the mob took place. Leaving Zamine at the window, the boys pulled the bed away from the door and opened it. The corridor was full of the poisonous vapor, and they saw they could not leave the room that way so they closed the door again. From the window Jack saw that the low roof was within easy reach. He told his companions that they must reach it at any risk. He made the first essay and got up there. Fred handed him the rifles and then assisted Zamine to mount, aided by Jack.

Then Fred himself followed. The chest of jewels they were obliged to abandon in the room. The deathly faintness that had come over them now wore off in the open air. For the present they were safe, but the house was surrounded and they couldn't get away. The dead and wounded in the road were carried away after the boys stopped firing, and nothing more happened for an hour. With the dawning of day things looked pretty rocky for them. With the prospect of a

red-hot sun beating down on their heads as the day advanced, their chances looked mighty slight. Morning grew apace and hunger and thirst were added to the miseries of their situation. They were suffering intensely as noon approached, and it looked as if they would soon be all in, when a cloud of dust appeared up the road. The unfortunates on the roof paid no attention to it until the sound of horses' hoofs reached Jack's ears. Then he saw a small squadron of British cavalry riding up. With a shout of joy that gurgled in his parched throat, he jumped up and discharged his rifle. Fred did the same, and that attracted the attention of the troops to them.

The soldiers drew up in front of the inn and Jack scrambled down to the room, hastily vacated by their enemies. Zamine and Fred followed, and the situation was quickly explained to the major in command. The natives were chased from the immediate vicinity, and the three young people received such attention as they stood in need of. The cavalry were going to Madras, and after an hour's halt they went on again, and with them went the fugitives, and the jewel-chest, the palanquin-bearers keeping pace with the horses, while Jack and Fred rode behind a couple of the soldiers.

In this way all hands reached Madras that evening. A messenger was sent to Delhi to notify Zamine's father of her whereabouts, and he came on at once. He was delighted to learn of the death of Mokarra, whom he pronounced a great rascal, and he expressed the greatest gratitude to Jack for saving his child. When he learned how the young people felt toward each other, he consented to their immediate marriage, which was duly solemnized in Madras. The boys resigned their positions at the consulate.

On the following day Jack, his beautiful Hindoo bride and Fred boarded the steamer from Calcutta, with the jewel-case, en route for the States via the Red Sea, the Mediterranean and England. Their friends had safely returned from the hunt and had given the boys up as dead. With their departure from India's coral strand our story fittingly closes.

Next week's issue will contain "BOUND TO GET THE CASH; or, OUT FOR A MILLION IN WALL STREET."

BOYS KILL EAGLE.

Adrian and Norbert Brick, small sons of William Brick of Askeaton, near Depere, Wis., had a thrilling battle against a large eagle. While on their way to school the bird swooped down upon them, grabbed Norbert, the smaller boy, in his talons and attempted to fly away with him.

The boys were taken by surprise, never before having seen an eagle and believing it to be a monster hawk. The boys showed great presence of mind. While Norbert was fighting desperately against being carried off and pounding the bird furiously, Adrian hunted up a club and attacked the bird.

The bird was stunned and released its hold on Norbert, and the two little fellows quickly killed it with clubs and stones.

CURRENT NEWS

USES TRACTOR ON UNRULY BULL.

What is said to be an unusual test for a tractor was made by a Geddes, S. D., farmer recently. A big bull became unruly and would not be driven home from a pasture, whereupon the farmer jumped on to his tractor and chased the animal until it was "run down." After this the animal was easily driven as desired.

HOG TURNS ON SLAYERS.

A 500-pound porker slated to be slaughtered refused to become the object of sacrifice on the farm of Dr. William Raith at Farmington, N. J., to-day and compelled the doctor, his father-in-law, Stanley Grove, and other members of the family to take to trees to escape its fury.

The family were unarmed and were compelled to remain in the trees half an hour. Neighbors, attracted by their cries, obtained shotguns and killed the maddened animal.

ATTACKED BY CROWS.

Attacked by thousands of crows while duck hunting on the Missouri river near Sioux City, Ia., M. L. Murray of Salix killed and wounded more than 500 of the angry birds in three hours of constant fighting, using about 200 shotgun shells. The coming darkness gave him an opportunity to escape.

The fight started when Murray shot at a lone crow and wounded it. The wounded bird cried for help, and soon hundreds of others came to its aid. Soon the ground was covered with dead and wounded crows.

The remaining birds attacked Murray, striking him with their beaks and wings. When darkness came the hunter was able to retreat to a willow patch and the crows, unable to advance upon him, returned to roost.

BRITISH SUBMARINE LOST WITH 56 MEN.

British submarine K-5, Commander Jahn A. Gaines, was lost with all hands recently at the approaches to the English Channel, the Admiralty announced January 22nd. The complement of the lost submarine was not given, but vessels of this class carry approximately six officers and fifty men, and a full complement was on board.

The disaster, the Admiralty announcement states, occurred 100 miles off Land's End while the K-5 was practising with four other submarines of the "K" class. She submerged and never rose to the surface again. The cause of the accident is not known.

The "K" class of submarines is the latest type of British submersibles, the vessels being 338 feet in length, with a surface speed of 24 knots and a speed submerged of nine knots. They carry eight torpedo tubes, one four-inch gun and one three-inch gun.

BLACK CAT CHEERS MEN.

Tom, a black cat, was the third member of the crew and brought good luck to the barge Wac-camaw, which was towed into Portland, Me., January 23rd by the Coast Guard Cutter Ossipee.

Captain Harry Landers and James Coleman, both of Boston, were the others. Tom did not lose his nerve when the craft broke adrift from the tug Lehigh ten miles off Cape Elizabeth last Monday morning, and showed little concern when the Ossipee picked up the barge 110 miles off Sable Island later on.

Perhaps Tom, who has sailed along the coast with Captain Landers for two years, really had nothing to do with it, but his complacent attitude as he stalked with dignified mien along the dock to-night and began sniffing for wharf rats registered complete conviction that he was responsible for the saving of the barge and for the absence of suffering on board during a drift of 750 miles.

The only mishap was the snapping of the mast in a gale on Tuesday morning, resulting in the smashing of the deck-house and damage to the cook stove and the donkey engine boiler.

FOUND \$1,500 IN BERTH.

Because a negro Pullman porter with the romantic name of Bertrand Countee, placed honesty above riches, Jim Lee, an aged Chinese, en route to China to spend his remaining days, will sail from San Francisco with enough wealth to last him until he is called to his fathers.

Jim Lee, the China-bound, arrived in Portland from Spokane, and upon going to visit John Wo of No. 84 Second street, discovered that his money bag, containing \$1,900, had been left beneath the pillow of his Pullman berth.

In company with John Wo and Police Inspectors Coleman and Collins, the Chinese went to the Pullman office, where he learned that the porter had turned over the money bag. The sum of \$420 was missing, but the porter said the money bag was untied when he found it.

The police do not suspect the porter of having anything to do with the missing \$420. Jim Lee departed on his return trip to China thankful that a greater part of his money had been found.

CALLING A CAB BY SLOT MACHINE.

We are quite accustomed to purchasing our chewing gum from a vending machine; the automatic restaurant has introduced us to an unexpected variety of mechanical peddlers of liquid as well as of solid food; it is not even a totally new experience to many of us to buy a newspaper from an automaton or pay our street-car fare to such a device. The pay-station telephone has been on a slot machine basis in many of our cities for a long time now; and even when we put in a call for the fire apparatus we apply the slot-machine principle, divorced from the actual presence of a slot. It is as yet reserved to the dwellers in the German city of Hamburg, however, to exercise the privilege of calling the taxicab by use of a slot machine. You simply drop a coin in on the spot. Whether your coin is deducted from your fare does not appear—it might reasonably be pleaded that it is worth a little extra to have the taxi wherever you may happen to be.

A Lawyer At Nineteen

—OR—

FIGHTING AGAINST A FRAUD

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER I.—(continued.)

"Gentlemen," he said, "this man is entitled to pay for what you believed he suffered as a result of the accident up to the time that he went to work for the Continental Iron Works, for his loss of wages, for the amount said to have been expended for doctor and medicines, and to not one cent more. The rest of his claim is not worth serious consideration, for he plainly lied about the matter of his employment, and the man who will lie about one thing will lie about others. I only ask that you recall his manner on the stand when his lie was made plain, and also to recall the hesitating manner of the physician who was called to testify for him, and who would doubtless have sworn that the man was injured for life had not he feared for the result after what had taken place in Smollett's examination. I am satisfied that so intelligent a jury will give this plaintiff just what he is entitled to and not a dollar more, and with sincere thanks for your kind attention to so young an advocate, and with perfect confidence as to the result, I leave my case in your hands."

It was an address that was as sensible as it was short, and another murmur ran around the courtroom when Lew took his seat. Then Smollett's lawyer got up and tried to make the best of a bad job, trying to claim a peculiar treachery of memory for his client, saying that many persons had an excellent memory for some things and a very uncertain one for others, but the members of the jury almost laughed in his face. It was a ruined case, and he realized it, ending his address much sooner than he otherwise would have done, and trying to play upon the sympathies of the jurors by calling their attention to the appearance of the plaintiff's sickly-looking wife.

When he sat down the judge made a short charge, and then the foreman of the jury asked that they be permitted to render a verdict without leaving their seats. This was granted, and after talking it over for a few minutes the jury announced a verdict for the plaintiff of two hundred dollars.

Lew thanked the jury, bowed to the judge, picked up his papers, and walked out of the room, flushed with a well-won triumph, while a murmur of admiration ran around the temple of justice. As he passed Sniffen and Drake they took a good look at him.

"He looks like a young fellow to be feared," said Sniffen, "and if he shows up in our case I shall not like it."

"Don't worry," said Drake. "I'll take him out of your way if that happens."

CHAPTER II.

Lew Visits a Lawyer's Office and Unexpectedly Hears Something of Importance.

Back to the office went Lew in a very happy frame of mind, for this had been his first case in an upper court, and when he recalled his employer's discouraging view of it he had every reason to congratulate himself on the small verdict that had been rendered. The other clerks gathered around him, and when the result of the trial was made known Lew became the talk of the office.

Just before the office closed Scribner came in, and his first question was the amount of the verdict. When he learned that it was two hundred dollars he gazed at Lew in astonishment.

"How did you do it?" he asked.

Lew told him, and the old lawyer's eyes sparkled with admiration.

"That was clever, brainy work," he said. "Why, most of the cases were settled for bigger sums than that, and only three days ago I made an offer of two thousand dollars to Smollett, and he laughed at me. Good enough, Lew."

John Scribner seldom said much in the way of praise, and Lew felt very good over the old lawyer's few words.

The next morning Scribner called him into his private office.

"The Winslow case is likely to come up at any time, Lew," he said, "and I want you to go over it with me and help me at the trial."

"The case is against the Intercity Railroad, which is being sued by Kate Winslow for twenty-five thousand dollars."

"She claims that she was permanently injured by being thrown from one of the company's trolley cars, and that the accident was caused by the conductor pulling the bell and starting the car when she had one foot on the step and one foot on the ground. She was thrown down, held on to the handrail, and was dragged about twenty feet before the car stopped."

"As a result of this, so she claims, she has been injured in her nervous system, and is a wreck, and the doctors who will testify for her will no doubt say that she will always be a wreck and a sufferer."

"There are two things in this case which make me believe that the claim is a fraudulent one. I have seen the woman and talked to her, and if I am any judge of character she is an evil woman and ought to be in jail, and the other reason is that Duncan Sniffen is her lawyer."

"Sniffen was once a rich man, but he has gambled his money away year after year, and I have known of his being mixed up with cases that were crooked. He is a very shrewd lawyer, and knows how to steer clear of anything that might land him in jail, but I am satisfied that he is a rascal, and his connection with the Winslow case is enough to make me believe that the whole matter is honeycombed with fraud."

(To be continued.)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES.

DEER IN TOWN.

A large deer took a leisurely stroll down Main street in Hoxie, Ark., the other day. The animal was first seen in front of the Bank of Hoxie, and after a canter through Texas street it turned north and loped into the woods. Many mighty nimrods watched the buck's progress, but not a gun was fired.

MUST WEAR TROUSERS.

The native men of the Philippines, decrees the American colony, must in the future wear trousers when they appear in the streets. This, according to a more or less trustworthy despatch received here. It is added that a Filipino who is seen in public without breeches may be sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

It is stated, too, that the first result of the new law has been a demand for 500,000 pairs of ready-made trousers. This represents the number of Filipinos who are obliged to stay indoors owing to the inadequacy of their wardrobe. When the pants arrive the natives will take up their two-legged march toward the higher civilization.

BOY BRANDED WITH HOT IRON.

Wyka Vlactyou, forty-one, of No. 186 22d street, Brooklyn, N. Y., was arrested on a charge of felonious assault. Robert Kelly, ten, of No. 50 Third street, Brooklyn, charges that Vlactyou, who is employed as a baker at No. 389 Hoyt street, branded his forearm with a red hot poker.

According to the child's story, he was on his way to school, clutching in his hand a nickel his mother, Mrs. Raymond Kelly, had given him to buy candy. As he came to the bakery he stopped to gaze in the window at the good things displayed, and the nickel slipped from his grasp and dropped through a grating which covered a shallow outlet for a cellar window under the store.

The boy pushed back the sleeve of his coat and blouse and thrust his hand under in an attempt to recover his nickel. He told the police that Vlactyou took a piece of iron, like a poker, which was red hot and burned his arm. Running home, his mother dressed the arm with home remedies and lodged a complaint at the Hamilton Avenue Station.

A WILD RUBBER PLANT.

Experiments in the domestication of the wild rubber plant, of guayule, in Southern Arizona, are expected ultimately to have a decided effect in reducing the market price of rubber. The guayule grows wild in Southern Texas and in Northern Mexico, especially in Chihuahua. It is in reality a Mexican plant, familiarly known as the rubber plant of the Chihuahuan desert.

Dr. D. T. MacDougal, director of the Botanical Research Department of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, in referring to the experiments, said recently: "This plant has been gathered in great quantities, furnishing millions of pounds of a low grade rubber, during the last thirty years.

The guayule is not a tree, but a bush-like plant, of the stature and general appearance of the sagebrush which grows in other dry regions—in fact, it is of the same large family.

"A group of Eastern capitalists have been employing scientific experts who about five years ago began investigations to find methods which could be used in domesticating this plant and successfully growing it in great quantity. It is to be noted that the chief feature in domesticating a wild plant is to get large quantities of it to mature at one time. This is the main feature of domestication; in other words, to get a crop. It has necessitated a study of the method of raising plants from seed, field practice, tillage and selection of rapidly growing varieties with high rubber content.

"The wild plant contains from 10 to 12 per cent. of rubber, and under cultivation are already to be found hundreds of acres of matured plants which show still higher proportions of rubber. The guayule plantation is near Tucson, Ariz., at which place is situated the Desert Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. The quality of rubber yielded by the guayule is suitable for use in the manufacture of many articles and, to mention only one of its widely different commercial uses, it enters into the manufacture of automobile tires."

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THE SOLVED MYSTERY

By ALEXANDER ARMSTRONG.

The wind whistled wildly without, the rain fell heavily, and the cold was increasing every hour. With a shiver I drew my chair nearer to the fire, and remarked to my companion:

"What an awful night!"

He assented, adding:

"I don't think I'm superstitious, but I can't help regarding this night, the 17th of January, as under a sort of curse."

"Why so?" I questioned.

"Thereby hangs a tale," he replied, lighting a fresh cigar.

"Let's have it," was my laconic rejoinder.

Now, this companion of mine was something of a character in his way. His name was Bill Brentford, and we had been inseparable friends until, at the age of eighteen, we parted—he to enter his uncle's office in London, and I to cultivate the farm in Suffolk which had been in my family for eight generations.

From that time we saw but little of each other.

Bill soon tired of the monotonous life of a clerk, and, following the bent of his own inclinations, he entered the detective force.

At the time of which I am writing he was one of the most valued officers.

During my rare and hurried visits to London I always stayed with Bill.

He had never married, but he kept up a bachelor's establishment in two snug rooms next door to a first-rate eating house, from which his meals were sent to him.

A luxurious fellow was Bill when off duty, but in the pursuit of business nerves and frame alike seemed made of iron.

But to return to the night of which I was speaking.

Bill enjoyed telling a story, and told one admirably. I took pleasure in listening to one, and I lighted a fresh cigar and leaned comfortably back in my chair to listen with a feeling of delightful satisfaction.

"Did you ever hear of the Rutland murders, Dick?"

"Well, no," I replied, "I can't say that I did."

"Of course not. You country fellows never do hear anything. Jupiter, what a life!"

"Jupiter" was Bill's favorite expression, and he always said it very slowly and with great energy.

"Well, the first of these happened in 1859, ten years ago to-night, and the second in '67. They were both committed on the night of the 17th of January, between the hours of eleven and two.

"There was an old man by the name of Clark Rutland, who owned a tall, rather gloomy-looking house out towards Paddington. He was a widower and very rich, and his child having married against his will, he had disinherited her and adopted a nephew, a feeble, indolent, and good-looking sort of a chap.

"This fellow, David Rutland, was married at the time his uncle adopted him, and had one child, a boy of five years, the handsomest little creature

I ever set eyes on. The mother had gypsy blood, they said, and she looked it.

"Just after they came to live with the old man a robbery was committed in the house, and I had charge of the affair, so that's the way I came to know all about them.

"It was when the child, Mark Rutland, was sixteen that the first of the murders took place. David Rutland had been dead long ago, and young Mark was looked upon as the old man's sole heir.

"I had been away to the North on some business, and when I got back the first piece of news I heard was that old Mr. Rutland had been found dead in his bed, with a wound through his heart, made by some sharp, slender instrument, which must have let out the life instantly.

"His servant testified that he always slept with a long, thin dagger beside him, which he had brought from Spain in his youth, and valued very highly.

"This dagger was missing, and could not be found, although the strictest search was made for it.

"The case was a very dark one, and not a trace of the murderer could be found.

"I was too young, then, to have anything to do with the management of the affair, but I was greatly interested in it.

"At length all search after the murderer was given up, and Mark Rutland, under the guardianship of his mother, entered by will into possession of everything.

"Now, nothing in the world hurts me so badly as to be baffled in a case, even though, as in this instance, it is not my own.

"I hated to give this one up, so I took careful notes of it and laid them aside for future use, if I should ever be so fortunate as to get hold of a clew to the mystery.

"The affair had nearly passed out of my mind when, on the morning of January 18, 1867, I was roused very early by the news that a horrible murder had been committed out Paddington way.

"I soon learned that the victim was Mrs. David Rutland, Mark's mother, and I lost no time in hurrying to the spot, where a crowd had already gathered.

There was in my mind, from the first, a certainty of what might help me—that small, smooth hole passing directly through the still, cold heart, and I was not mistaken. The murdered woman lay flat on her back, and her placid features showed that she had died without a struggle.

"Such agony as that of her son I have seldom witnessed—indeed, it upset his reason—and for many weeks he alternated between the delirium of fever and the stupor of exhaustion.

"There was one remarkable feature of the case—in all his delirium he never alluded to his mother's death, and yet he did not once ask for her as though she was living.

"Again, as in the former instance, there was no trace of the weapon with which the horrible deed had been committed.

"A towel, which lay on the floor of the bed, was cut and stained with blood, as though a sharp and bloody instrument had been drawn hastily through it.

"There were no signs that any one had entered the room, as the maid stated that everything was

in precisely the same order in which she had left them.

"Suspicion fell upon the servants, but there was really no evidence against them.

"The only other inmate of the house was the murdered woman's son, and not the slightest suspicion fell upon him.

"He benefited in no way by his mother's death, and it was proved that they lived on the best of terms—in fact, were more than usually devoted to each other.

"Mark Rutland recovered his bodily health, but his mind appeared a complete blank. He was perfectly harmless, and the old servants, who were devoted to him, nursed him tenderly. He remained in the old house, but the fatal chamber was never entered except by himself.

"My companions jeered at me for being so utterly baffled in a case where the entire management was left to me.

"At last I told them I had not given up the game yet, and that if they would leave me alone until the 1st of February, 1868, I would either clear up the mystery or permit them to call me a fool.

"It was on a dark, cold day, and as evening came on it commenced gathering up for a heavy storm.

"About dusk I sent for Joe Harkness, a young friend of mine, who had lately joined us, and who bid fair to climb to the very top of the ladder. I knew him to be brave as a lion, cool, trustworthy, strong as an ox, utterly without nerves, and, above all, perfectly devoted to me.

"When the fellow came I told him that I thought there was an awful night's work before me, and asked him if he would share it. He consented instantly.

"I then made him sit down beside me and examine my notes of the two Rutland murders.

"For some time he read on in silence, but all at once I heard him draw a quick breath, and I knew he had begun to catch my idea.

"He did not speak until the last word was finished, then he looked up and said quietly:

"'Only we two, I suppose?'

"I nodded, for I saw he knew my plan without a word; indeed, I had shadowed it out in my notes.

"A few words of arrangement passed between us, and then it was time to go.

"We both rose, and lifting together a long and heavy basket which lay in a corner, carried it downstairs.

"At a whistle from me, a cab came up, in which we placed the basket, got in ourselves, and drove on rapidly in the direction of Paddington, stopping before the Rutland House.

"By the power of the law, we soon had all the servants securely locked in the lower story, and, with the exception of poor Mark, we were alone on the floor where the murders had been committed.

"We brought in the basket, and taking it into the fatal room, in which I lighted the gas, we opened it and took out a long, large bundle.

"On unwrapping this, a waxen female figure the size of life appeared, dressed in a white nightgown.

"This we laid on the bed, in the attitude of one asleep, with the chest fully exposed, and threw a large shawl over it up to the waist.

"This room was in the right wing of the house, and that occupied by Mark was the furthest extremity on the left.

"We now went to his chamber, and found him in bed and fast asleep.

"Opening all the doors as we passed, so that there was free communication between the two apartments, we returned to the first, and hiding in the dressing room, from which we could see everything that passed, we waited in breathless silence for the result.

"The clock struck twelve, and still the silence was unbroken. Another half hour passed, and then I thought I heard a faint, distant sound.

"Nearer—nearer. The door moves, opens wide, and a tall, gaunt figure, clothed in white, stalks silently into the room.

"It needed but a glance to recognize Mark Rutland. He came steadily on, his eyes wide open, and his thin lips parted in a ghastly smile.

"Putting out his hand slowly, he passed it along the lintel of the door and pressed a hidden spring, when a small piece of the woodwork slid back, leaving an aperture about two feet long, a foot deep, and not more than six inches wide.

"From this aperture he drew a blood-stained dagger, long and slender.

"Turning, he moved on with the same steady, gliding pace towards the bed, and raising his arm aloft, buried the dagger deep in the very heart of the waxen figure.

"When he was out of sight we rose, and staggered from our hiding place out into the light, gazing with distended eyes upon each other's white and horror-stricken faces.

"Joe spoke first low and hoarsely.

"'A somnambulist,' he muttered.

"'Not so,' I answered, in awe-struck tones. 'The first was committed awake. The second was heaven's avenging hand, making the murderer, in his very sleep, the instrument of his own betrayal and punishment, and that of his accomplice. Look here!'

"I pointed to the floor, just below the aperture in the wall, and there lay a folded paper, on which was written in large, distinct characters:

"'Draft of my last Will and Testament. To be executed immediately.'

"We took it up, and saw that all the property, except a very small annuity to Mark, was left to the old man's daughter.

"'That will was never executed,' I said. 'Look at this date.'

"I pointed to the bottom of the draft, and there was written, 'January 17, 1859.'

"There is but little more to be told. Mark continued in a state of vacancy for about six months longer and then his strength suddenly failed, and his death-hour drew near. The day before his end his mind was restored, and he made a full confession of his guilt.

"The old man, he stated, had discovered that no drop of his blood ran in Mark's veins, who was born shortly before his mother first met David Rutland. They had passed off the child as their own in order to gain the inheritance.

"Goaded to desperation, the wretched mother had urged her son, then a boy of sixteen, and always very weak-minded, to commit the awful deed."

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

BIG COON FOUGHT.

When William Holtcap and several other Mexico, Mo., citizens went on a coon hunt recently they treed and killed a coon that put up such a valiant fight it deserved a better fate. It weighed twenty pounds and when shaken from the tree fell into a creek where four coon dogs followed it. After a terrific battle it whipped all four dogs in the icy water and was finally killed with a club.

PRICES PRINTED ON TICKETS.

The Pennsylvania Railroad announced recently that as a protection to both passengers and ticket agents, prices would be printed on the faces of all its tickets. The new tickets would be issued immediately, but all old ones in stock would be used before the new were sold. Interline passage, for which the new tickets were said to be impractical, were the only exceptions to the policy.

The first set of tickets issued under the new policy are those between Elmira, N. Y., and Altoona, Pa. At the bottom of each ticket is printed "(Fare, \$6.08; war tax, \$0.49)."

WILD WOMAN PROWLs.

Residents of Fowler, Ind., are perturbed over the action of a feminine "Peeping Tom" who has been peering through windows and doors and who has recently been appearing suddenly from behind trees late at night.

A business man who was preparing to put his car in a public garage recently was so frightened by the woman's sudden appearance, it is said, that he left the machine standing in the street and fled. A few nights later the sight of the woman's face peering through the glass door of the Business Men's Club was a signal for a rush to cover.

One of the members, it is said, refused to go home until an escort was provided.

SCHOOL DISTRICT 100 BY 70 MILES.

Fort Stockton, Texas, is the center of a school district whose area is one hundred by seventy miles.

The problem of getting the children of the more remote ranches to school each day was solved by the School Board purchasing four motor

trucks, which are used to bring in the pupils and take them home. These trucks are operated at an annual cost of \$6,000, including the pay of the drivers, each of whom is placed under \$1,000 bond against accident to their human freight.

The school here has an enrolment of 382, made up for the most part of children of the ranches. Each truck has a regular route and schedule. The start is made very early in the morning, so that all of the ranches may be visited, the children gathered up and brought to the school on time. The roads are kept in good condition. The teachers say that the daily long rides the children take keeps them in splendid physical and mental condition. Children living within a mile of the school are required to walk, but all living a greater distance are given free transportation.

According to S. M. N. Marrs, chief high school supervisor for the State Department of Education, the Fort Stockton school is not exceeded in modernness and completeness of equipment, both in its elementary and high school branches, by any rural or city school in Texas.

LAUGHS

He—I am told that your admirer's name is legion. She (blushing)—Oh, no; his name is Jones.

Harry (quoting)—If thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool. Mabel—Oh, Mr. Lighthouse, this is so sudden!

Brown-Jones—Has your wife a more even temper than your own? Jones-Brown—More even? No. even more.

Teacher—Can you tell me what a dromedary is, Tommy? Tommy—Yes, ma'am; a dromedary is a two-masted camel.

"You broke your engagement with Miss Jaulier?" "Yes, but I broke it gently." "How?" "Told her what my salary was."

He—I love you with all my heart. She—That's very nice, but—but— He—But what, darling? She—What about your arms?

Mrs. Henpeck—You, Charles, what's that noise down there? Mr. Henpeck—I trust, my dear, that I may fall down the cellar stairs if I wish to.

Harlow—Jimson seems to have a wonderful mount of adaptability. Barlow—You bet he has. Why, I once saw him get excited over a game of chess.

Lady customer—(in furniture store)—What has become of those lovely sideboards you had when I was last here? Salesman (smirking)—I shaved 'em off, madam.

The Fair Purchaser—Your eggs are all very small to-day, Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones—Yes'm, they are, but I'm sure I don't know the reason. The Fair Purchaser—Oh, I expect you took them out of the nests too soon.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

YOUNG MAN LOCKED IN CAR.

John Andreycak, giving his address as No. 1919 Cherry Alley, McKeesport, Pa., went without food or water for four days, during which time he was a prisoner in a boxcar, which was taken from McKeesport to Goshen, he told the police when he applied for a night's lodging. The young man said that he had planned to enlist in the army and had become acquainted with several other young men, who robbed him of \$185 at McKeesport. He says that the others then locked him in the boxcar. After spending the night there, the young man was sent to Marion, where he will try to enlist.

ONE DOLLAR BUYS 19,000 RED RUBLES.

The "unofficial" or open market value of the Soviet paper ruble on the borders of Bolshevik Russia is approximately 19,000 for one American dollar. This worthlessness of the ruble is given in advices from Baltic sources as the real reason for the attempt by the Moscow authorities to abolish money.

In Latvia the official value of Soviet rubles is shown to be approximately 6,000 for one American dollar. In Esthonia one dollar is equal to 6,333 1-3 rubles. One American dollar equals 280 Latvian rubles and 285 Esthonian rubles.

The old Czar rubles of Russia have a much greater value. One hundred of them equal 175 Latvian rubles. The Russian Duma rubles also are worth much more than the soviet variety. One dollar will purchase 163 Czar rubles and 750 Duma rubles.

JUMPER CAN'T GET A PERMIT.

The Prefect of Police of Paris has refused to give a daring man named Jean Damblanc a permit to throw himself from the top of the Eiffel Tower, although Damblanc has courted suicide scores of times without injurious effects by jumping from the rear of speeding automobiles.

Damblanc is sure that he would reach the ground safely despite the fact that the last man who tried this spectacular trick was picked up in sections with his spinal column protruding eighteen inches from the top of his body.

Damblanc, however, declares that he has invented an apparatus based on the principle of a spiral which not only overcomes the disastrous effects of gravitation, but retains its stability during the descent so that the heaviest man is able to float through the air as lightly as a feather.

Scores of excited Parisians gathered beneath the tower recently when Damblanc announced he would demonstrate his invention, but the gendarmes spoiled their pleasure. Curiously enough, when it was suggested that Damblanc load a sand bag into his "Helicoptere," as the invention is called, he refused, saying that he did not wish to run the risk of breaking the mechanism of his invention, although he was willing to risk his own neck to prove its efficiency.

GIRLS SHINE SHOES.

Girls in Catholic educational institutions in the country have found some novel ways of raising funds for the missions, according to reports received at the various headquarters of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

At Notre Dame, Ind., the girls of St. Mary's College and Academy have a model shoe-shining plant, where the girls interested in the missions shine the shoes of their fellow students for the usual fees, all income going into the mission box. This stand is maintained for the Bengal Mission of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and the shop is called the Bengalese.

At Mt. St. Joseph's Academy and College of Hamilton County, O., the mission workers run a "beauty parlor," thus making the vanities of life pay for the spreading of the faith. The only vanities appealed to, however, are hairdressing and manicuring.

How quickly money can be raised in this way was shown by a recent report from the Notre Dame shoe-shining shop, whose receipts for one day amounted to \$50—enough to feed and care for ten destitute children for a month.

FIND WILD MAN.

Surrounded by the comforts of civilization, Albert Parson, the wild man of the Leaf River bottoms, Miss., his 50-year-old wife, whom he caught twenty-three years ago in a bear trap, and a two-year-old baby girl, all of whom strayed into the village of Lux the other day like people from another age, are as much a mystery as when they were first discovered.

Interest centres in the identity of the baby. Authorities feel certain that she is not the child of the couple, who, although in perfect health, show signs of years of primitive living and constant battling with the forces of nature. The woman has lost an eye, which she declares in rambling statements was scratched out by a wildcat.

When found the man's clothes were in tatters, the woman wore the scanty remnants of a one garment house dress and the baby was naked. They had been driven out of their home, a shack on a strip of land in an isolated section, by high water. Parson maintains that he owns the land and the shack.

The trio had lived principally upon roots, wild fruits and game which they trapped, but there was evidence of an effort to farm with the aid of a blind horse which Parson said he had captured.

Although the man's mind is said by the authorities to be more nearly normal than the woman's he is unable to account for the child. The baby is perfectly healthy.

Stories have been heard for years regarding a wild man in the section, but usually were discounted. The man says he is 72, but looks older.

The three are being cared for at the county poorhouse at Ellisville.

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

CENT HITS SINGER'S EYE.

Throwing three pennies at a woman concert singer in the Empire theatre, Brooklyn, cost Daniel Drake, sixteen, of No. 14 McDougall street, Brooklyn, \$15 in the Gates Avenue Police Court.

Daniel occupied a front seat in the gallery, and to show his appreciation tossed pennies on the stage. One struck the singer in her eye and the performance halted.

Drake was being verbally assailed when Special Policeman Moore took him to the Ralph Avenue Station.

BETTER DAYS COMING.

"Better days are coming," says the Harrisburg Telegraph. "Liberty bonds are up several points above their lowest levels and other first-class bonds are showing gains while rather startling drops are being recorded in the market quotations of more or less speculative securities.

"There could be no better reflection of the state of public mind than this.

"The period of reckless plunging is giving way to careful spending and thoughtful investment.

"How to get the most for his money is now the thought of most men. How to make one dollar do the work that two did last year is the ambition of most women. People who went daft over wildcat oil companies last year are sadder and wiser. They are looking for safety and small returns, rather than gaudily printed stock certificates.

"The day of the silk shirt and the Ponzi promises are happily fast drawing to a close."

—BUY W. S. S.—

400 PEASANTS WRECK GAME PRESERVES.

Marquis Corsini, a rich Florentine aristocrat, who is fond of sport, has just had an experience with a new form of land invasion. It lasted only one day, but deprived him of any hope of hunting and shooting parties on his Valdarno estates for some time to come.

The Marquis, who was sick in bed, was visited by his head gamekeeper, who reported that twenty hunters, composed of the neighboring proletariat, had forcibly entered his game preserves and said they meant to hunt all that day, because "birds and beasts belong to the people." The gamekeeper had not men enough to resist the intruders, so the Marquis told him he had better leave them alone.

An hour later his surprise was equal to his annoyance on finding that the twenty meeting no resistance, had sent word to their friends, and in a very short time at least 400 poachers had invaded his preserves.

All day long his estate was like a field of battle, so frequent was the shooting. When night fell the invaders had virtually exterminated all the game on the estate and greatly damaged trees and shrubs. The military police, summoned by the owner, were too few to make any impression on the 400 armed men and could only look on at this wholesale devastation.

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A FOUNTAIN FOR THE COWS

The average dairy cow drinks anywhere from 60 to 100 pounds or more of water daily—in fact unless she gets plenty to drink, her milk yield will be visibly reduced. That is why dairy farmers devote particular attention to equipping their farms with all the modern facilities—some-what in the nature of dairy cow for satisfying Bossie's thirst.

One eastern farm has provided durable concrete water tanks in each field where the cows are pastured. The tanks are connected directly with the farm water supply, a float being placed in each tank so that the water level is maintained at the same point all the time. Considerable trouble obtained due to the fact that the cows would nose and damage the floats so that they would not work properly. Then the owner devised the tank which provides a sort of square-shaped nub at one side of the tank for the float and the inlet and overflow pipes. An iron frame-work is provided over the top of the compartment so that the cows cannot reach or touch the float with their noses. Now Bossie and her mates never lack for fresh water as the dairy never runs dry.

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